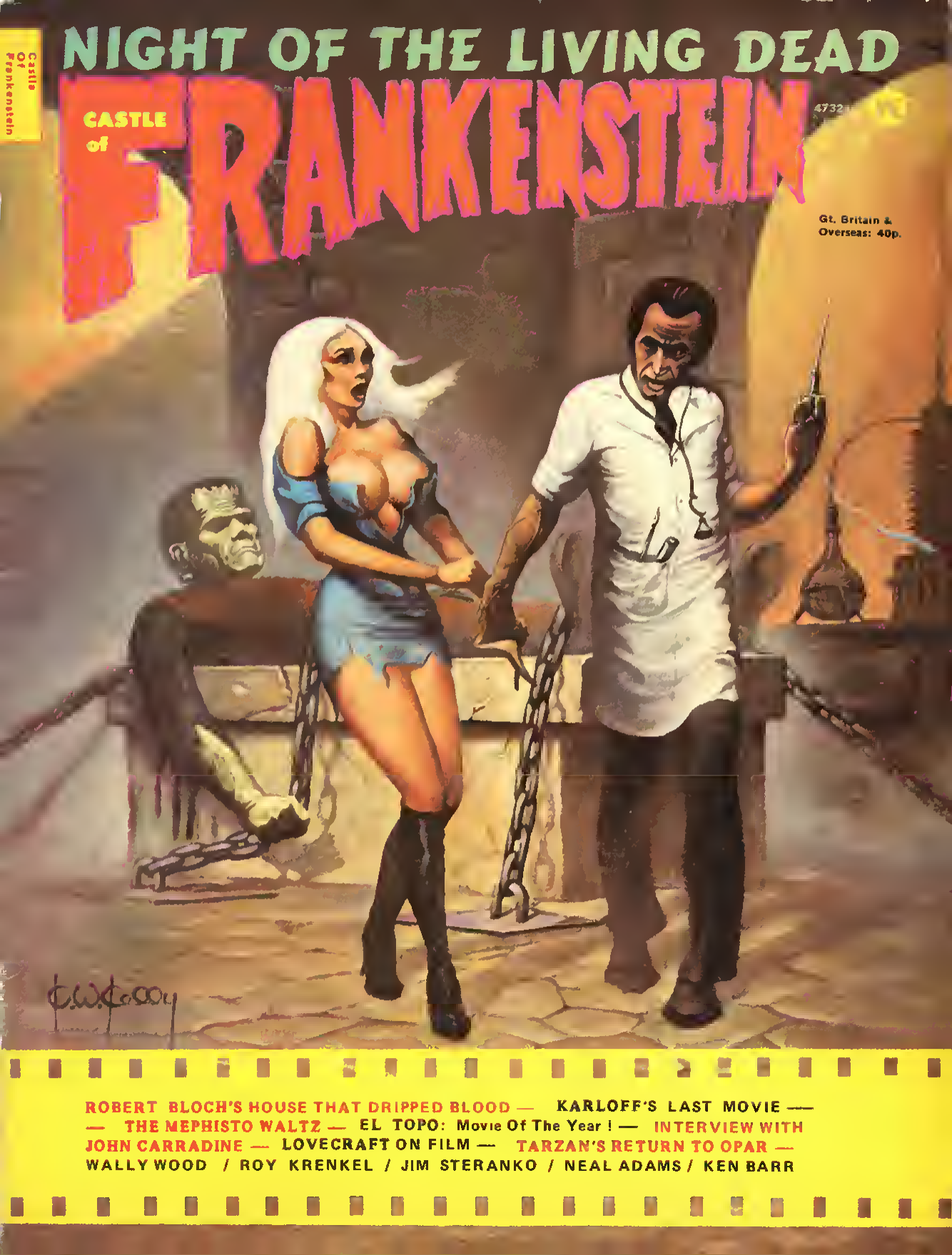
NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD
CASTLE of FRANKENSTEIN
Gt. Britain & Overseas: 40p.
ROBERT BLOCH'S HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD — KARLOFF'S LAST MOVIE —
— THE MEPHISTO WALTZ — EL TOPO: Movie Of The Year ! — INTERVIEW WITH
JOHN CARRADINE — LOVECRAFT ON FILM — TARZAN'S RETURN TO OPAR —
WALLY WOOD / ROY KRENKEL / JIM STERANKO / NEAL ADAMS / KEN BARR

BARR'S BESTIARY NO.1

The Demon Cat of Losanne

KING ARTHUR'S STRUGGLE WITH THE ***DEMON CAT OF LOSANNE*** MUST INDEED HAVE BEEN FIERCE. STORIES OF THE SLAUGHTER SURVIVED THE CENTURIES. ONE VERSION, SUNG BY A WANDERING MINSTREL OF THE 12TH CENTURY CLAIMED THAT ARTHUR HAD BEEN DEFEATED AND CARRIED OFF BY THE GIANT FELINE!

WAS THERE A ***REAL*** KING ARTHUR? YES! A BOOK WRITTEN IN THE 10TH CENTURY DESCRIBES THE 6TH CENTURY 'BATTLE OF CAMLAAN IN WHICH ARTHUR AND MORDRED FELL'.

CASTLE Of FRANKENSTEIN

Contents

The EDITOR'S EYRIE

Kiod of squeezed out this issue are Comix Reviews and our alphabetical SFantasy film lists concluding "M" titles. We hope to make up for it next edition, including the fantabulous RAY HARRYHAUSEN Interview-article.

We're not very happy about the Comic Book scene lately, though, and think it's in one of its worst ruts in years, and a few like CONAN, the new TARZAN, etc.; are still only drops in the bucket; but there's a bit of light on the borizon—the Comix industry is trying hard once more. Bill Gaines of MAD was recently put into supervisory control of National/DC, and this may be the start of a new era. Also, Kirby's work has strengthened with Mike Royer's inking for FOREVER PEOPLE (no.9)—and there's eveo a plug for Castle of Frankenstein in page 18 in that issue (!). So, things aren't too bad. . .as long as CoF gets plugs like that.

Seriously—the Comix problem is the long overdue overhauling or abolition of the Comics Code. It makes it impossible for present publishers to do better and for new publishers to survive.

CoF, meanwhile, has put ioto syndication its own radio show. In the New York City area it's heard on WHBI-FM, each Tuesday at 3 a.m. (105.9 on the dial). It'll probably expand to more hours, and maybe nearly every night, soon's more "night people," vampires and the like learn more about the "show." Yours truly bosts and raps about this-'n-that, of course. 3 am isn't such a bad hour, however; it's just 3 hours past the stroke of midnight, that's why!

— Cal Beck —

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FRONT Cover: "Mad Medico, Malden & Monster," by Ken Kelly. **BACK Cover:** Vincent Price in DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN.

THIS ISSUE IS DEDICATED TO:
The Spirit of Collecting SFantasy publications. Metaphysically revealed is information concerning the pursuit of this avocation on pages 64 to 66.

headitorial

FILM, KITH & KIN

Before delving into a film rap, some words of praise for several of the best focal points of film activity, the Elgin Theater (18th Street and 8th Ave.) and its sister, The Garrick (on Bleecker St., in the heart of Greenwicb Village), in New York City.

As any film buff knows, there's a serious problem catching films once they've played out their initial premieres, unlike the good old days, seventeen years ago or less, when 2nd and 3rd run theatres abounded (today every other little modern powder-box mini-movie house thinks it's Big Time and shows the same film ten dozen other theatres have within a radius of a few miles). The condition is quite similar to the present insanity of magazine distribution where 99 junk-and-crap titles drown out every four or five good ones.

So, where can one turn once Hammer, AIP and other goodies disappear after a few days? Gloriously, revival houses are starting to slowly come back across the country, though still too few and far apart. A partial solution, at least in NYC, is The Garrick and Elgin, apt to devote several weeks at a time resurrecting most of the AIP Cormans—and triple (sometimes quadruple!) bills like Peckinpah's

BALLAD OF CABLE HOGUE, THE WILD BUNCH and Leone's GOOD, BAD & THE UGLY—or 6 to 7 hours of a Republic serial in one sitting. How's about a triple header like REPULSION, DR. STRANGELOVE, and that practically undistributed gem, THE MAGIC CHRISTIAN?

Unlike the impersonal stiffness of most central city and "uptown" houses, Elgin and Garrick are warm and intimate, managed and coordinated by a friendly bunch of a dozen or so (sometimes it seems like two dozen) cool people who are into film themselves and can rap about it on any level.

The Orson Welles Cinema (Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass.) near Harvard Square is the Boston area's equivalant of the above, except it's a twin theater; also has a neat coffee shop atmosphere built in and a film bookshop next door. Its comfort, screen and projection quality are far above average, thus it was a treat re-screening FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS and COLOSSUS: THE FORBIN PROJECT while attending Boston's SF Worldcon last September.

(Continue on page 48.)

Right photo: Larry Hama around the time he was achieving inspiration for his comic strip on page 49.

The Cast

Myles Clarkson	Alan Alda
Paula Clarkson	Jacqueline Bisset
Roxanne	Barbara Parkins
Bill Delancey	Brad Dillman
Dr. West	William Windom
Maggie West	Kathleen Widdoes
Abby Clarkson	Pamelyn Ferdin
Agency Head	Curt Lowens
Conductor	Gregory Morton
Agency Head's Girl	Janee Michelle
Woman Writer	Lilyan Chauvin
Zanc Theun	Khigh Dhiegh
Bennet	Alberto Morin
Raymont	Berry Kroeger
Richard	Terence Scammell
and	
Curt Jurgens	as Duncan Ely

The Mephisto Waltz

MEPHISTO WALTZ, THE (115 min—Fox, 1971). Plucky Jacqueline Bisset vs. corrupt devil-worshiping sophisticates Curt Jurgens and Barbara Parkins for soul of pianist husband Alan Alda. Straightforward, mundane modern occult tale from Fred Mustard Stewart novel is vapid and predictable all the way. Director Paul Wendkos shows some half-hearted Cormanic flair in the vaseline-lens dream sequences, but it's mostly TV-level slickness despite a nice production dress, and definitely no ROSEMARY'S BABY by a long shot, though cast is in fine form. William Windom, Bradford Dillman, Kathleen Widdoes. **DeLuxe Color.** insipid, stale, flat

Fantasy scholar H. P. Norton takes aim at macabre author H. P. Lovecraft in this caco-daemoniacal essay . . . and let's him have it right in the Cthulhu. You, dear reader, can keep your own score-card on the hiths and mythos.

"Somehow Tomeron seemed never to belong to the present, but one could readily have imagined him as living in some bygone age. About him, there was nothing whatever of the lineaments of our own period, and he even went so far as to affect in his costume an approximation to the garments worn several centuries ago. His complexion was extremely pale and cadaverous, and he stooped heavily from poring over ancient tomes and no less ancient maps. He moved always with the slow, meditative pace of one who dwells among far-off memories and reveries, and he spoke often of people and events and ideas that have been long since been forgotten. For the most part, he was apparently unheeded of present things . . ."

The above extract taken from Clark Ashton Smith's "The Epiphany of Death" may serve as a fitting introduction. Smith's tale, written for **Weird Tales** in 1943, bears the dedication "to the memory of H. P. Lovecraft."

In its climax, the anti-hero Tomeron-Lovecraft, after leading his friend on a tour of his family crypt, conveniently lays himself down upon a slab and disintegrates. Presumably, the lips of the corpse move, but only to permit a maggot to crawl through. The image of this literary memorial allows other images almost equally strange to pass one's range of vision—any selection from Marcel Schwob's **IMAGINARY LIVES**, Byron's description of "Appollo's Sexton" and Lovecraft's companion in the macabre, the late eccentric Montague Summers . . . whom many recollect dressed as an 18th century parson (complete with silver-buckled black shoes and ba[illegible]) strutting into the British Museum with a huge volume bound in black velvet tucked under his arm. Across the cover in sensitively w[illegible]ven scarlet thread is the legend **"VAMPYRES"** . . .

Incredible as it may seem, H. P. Lovecraft (1890-1937), the mild mannered recluse and erudite dilettante of Providence, Rhode Island, has emerged to become one of the most controversial writers of this decade. The not very

Continued

THE SHUTTERED ROOM (Warner-7 Arts, 1966), based on H.P. Lovecraft's story of the same title. Starring: Carol Lynley, Gig Young, Oliver Reed and Flora Robson.

THE *Strange* CASE OF HOWARD PHILLIPS LOVECRAFT


ERICH ZANN WAS A GENIUS OF WILD POWER
Lucker

[illegible] without [illegible] good tales and two [illegible] the other, inept—[illegible] for him of salutary amount of hysterical prose and scorn.

Lovecraft's tales are of three types: the Dunsanian, the Poiccian and the Wellsian. Taken in succession, these types provide a clue to the development of his taste and style. Affirmatively, his style is ponderous and betrays a fondness for the rhythmic laudness of yellow journalism. In most cases, his plots are easy to follow and beguiling—with the possible exception of such ventures as "The Dunwich Horror," "At the Mountains of Madness," "The Shadow Out of Time" and **THE DREAM QUEST OF UNKNOWN KADATH**. The last is an intricate fiasco in which he tries to reconcile the highlights of his Cthulhu Mythos with the aura of Dunsanyism that saturated his early period.

During his lifetime he expressed a fondness for poetry. He wrote bad imitations of Alexander Pope and pedestrian poetry in the macabre vein, modeling his verse structure on Poe and Edward Arlington Robinson. As a letter writer, he was more than capable, although his letters are of purely dry literary and biographical in-

Left & above: THE HAUNTED PALACE (A-I), starring Vincent Price and Lon Chaney Jr.

THE Strange CASE OF HOWARD PHILLIPS LOVECRAFT

terest. His life was an uneventful and solitary one. He had a very attractive personality, a forthright character and delighted in helping inept prospective pulp writers, and promulgating his own genre of pulpism. Despite his considerable facility with 18th century metaphysics and self-abnegation, Lovecraft as a master writer falls wide of the mark, but as an extremely interesting failure he is more than worthy of study.

(Lovecraft has a proud reputation among the French and Spanish critics. This is to be expected. As in the case of the English Federico Garcia Lorca, the French Lovecraft and the Spanish Lovecraft are stylistic strangers to the original. Moreover, it is typical of the continental faddists to be as unoriginal as domestic ones, the Dadaists who are the most indiscriminate may hail Lovecraft as a minor god, but Lovecraft's Dadaistic standing is purely coincidental.)

The dominant note in the most [illegible] of Lovecraft's tales is his Cthulhu Mythos, an idiosyncratic concoction maintaining that a race of evil Black Magic beings who inhabited this world at one time remain lurking on the Outer Fringe ever-ready to regain their former prestige as Elder Gods. To do so, they must deplete a lot of mythical New England villages of mythical New Englanders. These creatures are complicated, clumsy and ludicrous in appearance. To use Lovecraft's exacting polysyllables, they are "unnameable," "indescribable," "blasphemous," "caca-daemoniacal" and "abominable." They betray all of the odiferous symptoms of third-rate science-fiction films. At no time did Lovecraft take all this Cthulhu Mythos nonsense seriously. He projected these obvious tediums as a child designs mudpies or sand castles. But he could not stop the infantile, would-be intellectual mid-cultists from caking their brains with the stuff for an unrealized effect of esthetic stimulation. It is the tragic case of the genial recluse attempting to impress would-be pulp "writers" with his lukewarm interests in amateur astronomy, mythology and abstract sensationalism.

No doubt the faint influence of Gustave Dore, whom Lovecraft professed to admire, enhanced the highly developed but ill-directed interest in the **morbidezza**—those tainted New England landscapes, blighted with evil, and haunted, plague-ridden houses, shrouded with manifold terrors. To build up the readers' expectation by repeated emphasis on weird decor, inevitably revealing a many-tentacled blob as the inedible main course in this banquet of horrific trivia is just a bit infantile to say the least.

What, then, was Lovecraft's particular intention? Psychological impression would expose a society-starved recluse obsessed by the residue of a less turbulent age weaving chaotically superficial nightmares into clumsily managed tales. In **THE CASE OF CHARLES DEXTER WARD**, the unhappy Ward regresses into the past because of his idle infatuation for it. His more actively furtive ancestor Curwin egresses into the future. Both characters are frustrated anachronisms. If the oppressive sensationalism of **DEXTER WARD** is overlooked, the paradox of Lovecraft reveals itself. He is a reactionary without a cause.

To explain Lovecraft's prime stylistic weakness is fundamentally simple. We find that most of his favorite descriptive embellishments—"abominable," "caca daemoniacal," "blighted," "horrible," "eldritch" and "malevolent"—are synonymous with [illegible]. Thus, many times we come upon what could simply be "a frightening landscape with frightening hills and frightening paths containing frightening huts with furtive [potentially frightening] inhabitants of frightening appearance guarding frightening secrets the revelation of which would cause many to die out of sheer fright." Frightened we're not, nor are we impressed.

Toward the end of his life, Lovecraft probably became more or less aware of his stylistic shortcomings. He explained that "At the Mountains of Madness" might not attract the same audience that many another of his "less adequate" efforts had succeeded in doing. "At the Mountains of Madness," purporting to be a sequel to Poe's **NARRATIVE OF ARTHUR GORDON PYM**, definitely did not appeal to the majority of Lovecraft readers.

His understanding of science, although considerably lucid, was the lucidity of rote. Most writers of the weird and of science fiction fail because they write for the genre and not as a means of self-expression. Basically, Lovecraft is one of these. But Lovecraft cannot be blamed for not trying. The reliquaries of Eighteenth Century Life permeating his best stories is strangely nostalgic and fearfully charming. One can almost hear the clomp of hooves leading a ponderous postchaise through some bustling colonial village and watch the descent of a gaudily costumed alchemist-sinister clenching his gilt headed cane with raw knuckles, his unexpected presence striking stark terror into the sundry townspeople. "The Festival," with its sabbat of antiquity, is almost worthy of Hawthorne. Without the sense of the past in "The Lurking Fear," it would just remain a poorly written pulp "thriller."

It is most regrettable that his early work is tainted by a penchant for childish "penny-dreadful sensationalism." In "The Horrors of Red Hook," he darts a very perceptive eye at New York slum conditions. Unfortunately, what could have developed into a powerful novella of nightmarish symbolism worthy of an Andreyev or a Ghelderode is eclipsed by Lovecraft's caprice to throw his grandchildren into ecstatics with tales of his moronic Mythos and a compulsion to paraphrase such minor lights as Robert W. Chambers and Abraham Merritt and one dimensional bores like Algernon Blackwood and Arthur Machen. In "He," Lovecraft is more successful. Here is the sensitive individual unwilling to cope with the fast and crude commercialism of urban environment. As in "Horror of Red Hook," however, grandpa is once again playing "peek-a-boo-I-don't-mean-it." All that remains is the inky residue of Indian ghosts and some stale rigaur-mortis from the mausoleum of Marie Auguste Evans.

Many believe that Lovecraft's Elder Gods, ghouls and ugly-bogies, like the demons of Hieronymous Bosch or the chimeras of Rabelais, have a distinct grotesque connotation. But Lovecraft is no artist in the grotesque. His critical opinions, which formulate the **raison d'etre** of his Mythos, are expressed quite painfully and with absurd acuteness in his essay "Supernatural Horror in Literature." His inevitable thesis is as much the anti-literate sieve as is Wilde's superficiality. Lovecraft's literary citation is "sensation for sensation's sake," the unbeatable dogma of pulpism and psycho-films.

Perhaps the most well-known of all his writings is "The Outsider" (1926). It is a first-person narration about a recluse in an old castle ruin who, upon at last venturing out into the world, discovers that all men flee in terror upon beholding his loathesome appearance. In the climax he reveals himself as a ghoul changeling, one of those fabulous monsters of Persian Legend that devours the dead. The brevity of "The Outsider" and the care with which it was written revealed an unusual potential. Too bad this potential was never developed. "The Outsider" is Lovecraft himself—as is Charles Dexter Ward's Abdul Alhazred, the daemoniac and excessively pitiable servitor of the Elder Gods. The most fearful of the Elder Gods, Cthulhu, is merely an oversized octopus endowed with semi-supernaturalism. Lovecraft is noted for being allergic to fish, and he had an intense fear of the cold. "Cold Air" and "At the Mountain of Madness" depend upon climate for much of their effect, and the whole gang of his elder non-entities came from the planet Pluto. The Mythos is merely a silly, royalty sucking extension of Mr. Lovecraft's allergies. There is no hint of passion in any of his writings. In fact, all of Lovecraft's creations are lifeless "extras"—marionettes rather than humans. We cannot vouch for the fact that Lovecraft's characters possess blood either before or after the relatively sloppy purge from the cosmos.

The ultimate resolution to "The Case of Howard Phillips Lovecraft" can be ascertained by those who are familiar with the heroes of [illegible] **WELL PRETTY LADIES**. They made themselves ghosts before they even started to live, having neither effect nor motivation. While he lived Lovecraft found existence to be absolutely purposeless. He left his brains to scientific research. Hence the extensions of copious royalties and pletheras of reprinting for bad writers of science-fiction, editors of science-fiction pulps and inept science-fiction textbooks.

—Haywood P. Norton

Sandra Dee in a scene from THE DUNWICH HORROR, starring Dean Stockwell, Ed Begley and Sam Jaffee, based on the story by Howard Phillips Lovecraft. Released by A-I in 1969, it was well made, with some fine performances, and one of this company's best to date.

Produced and Directed by ROGER CORMAN · Screenplay by CHARLES BEAUMONT · Executive Producers JAMES H. NICHOLSON and SAMUEL Z. ARKOFF

Part of the background in the making of A-I's THE HAUNTED PALACE is almost as weird as something out of Lovecraft's fiction. First– Poe had nothing to do with the title coming from his poem of the same name. Based on HPL's "The Case of Charles Dexter Ward," the story was adapted by one of the best SFantasy authors of this age, the late Charles Beaumont. A-I didn't think HPL's name was known or significant, conducted a seance, perhaps, and got Poe's agreement. Beaumont tragically died several years later from a very rare and incureable disease at about 39 years of age—a disease he had had all along for many years and made him age rapidly until he looked like an old man before his untimely end.

HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD, THE (97 min—Cinerama, 1971). It looks like Amicus will assume the mantle once worn by Hammer. Four Robert Bloch stories vary in quality but at least show taste and imagination. 1: Mystery writer Denholm Elliot sees recurring apparition born from one of his plots. 2: Peter Cushing is entranced in wax museum plot—excellently played, moody, but drawn-out and predictable. 3: Chris Lee frightened by angelic but strange 9 year-old daughter-witch, well done. 4: Horror actor Jon Pertwee becomes a vampire whenever he dons vampire's cape; bright, neat spoof is highly amusing. A good notch above TORTURE GARDEN and one of the more entertaining films of the year. And oh, that Ingrid Pitt—Vavavoom! Dir. Peter Duffel. **Eastman Color.**

THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD

EL TOPO

ALEXANDRO ON EL TOPO

I believe that the only end of all human activity—whether it be politics, art, science, etc —is to find enlightenment, to reach the stata of enlightenment. I ask of film what most North Americans ask of psychedelic drugs. The difference being that when one creates a psychedelic film, he need not create a film that shows the visions of a parson who has taken a pill; rather, he needs to manufacture the pill.

I think that tha journey of Alexander the Great is a psychedelic trip. Many say that Alexander the Great was an idiot because, while his conquest was so great, so complete, as he progressed in conquering the entire world, he was actually progressing toward his ultimate failure. I think Alexander the Great was journeying into the depths of his baing. I think that Odysseus was another great traveler. I want to travel tha route of the Odyssey. I want to travel the route of Alexander tha Great I want to travel into the deapest areas of my being in order to reach enlightenment.

Q How did you feel directing *El Topo*?

A When you live the picture, when you are not acting, there is no dichotomy, no alienation What you are doing is real. Because I think that if you want a picture to

Continued

A FILM BY ALEXANDRO JODOROWSKY

change the world, you must first change the actors in the picture. And before doing that, you must change yourself. Right? This must be done. With every new picture, I must change myself, I must kill myself, and I must be born. I must kill the actors and they must be reborn. And then the audiences; the audiences who go to the movies, must be assassinated, killed, destroyed, and they must leave the theatre as new people. This is a good picture.

Q Do you think that other films, symbolic films, fail because they attempt too much?

BIOGRAPHY

Alexandro Jodorowsky was born in Iquique, Chile in 1930. He entered the university at Santiago to study psychology and philosophy, but left after two years to work in the theatre and pursue his interest in marionettes and mime. At the age of 25 he went to Paris to study mime. He worked with Marcel Marceau for six years, touring the world with him as his partner, and writing two mimes for him: *The Mask* and *The Caga*. In Paris Jodorowsky also directed Maurice Chevalier when he resumed his career at the L'Alhambra Theatre, and he directed the Trabaudet Theatre for a year. He then left Paris for Mexico City, where he directed over one hundred plays, including works by Ionesco and Beckett. Returning to Paris, he also worked with Arrabal, and directed the famous happening that is associated with him. Back in Mexico City, he continued to work in the theatre, and also turned to films, where he directed his own version of Arrabal's *Fando and Lis*. The film was entered in the 1968 Acapulco Film Festival, where it was denounced as "corrosive and corrupting." Jodorowsky's latest stage play, *Asi Hablaba Zaratustra*, has been playing to capacity houses in Mexico City since it opened in April of 1970. *El Topo*, his second film, was shot in Mexico in 1970.

A Those who want to make art try to put everything into the picture, nothing escapes and everything is done for the picture. And they feel that the camera is the umbilical cord to the heart of the world. Yes. But I feel that the heart of the world is the heart of the world. And that the camera is an insect which consumes only a part of the world. I never hope to include everything in a picture. I believe that each image of the film is an imprint. I can't give the entire body. You have to form it. Each film must be a sample of the entire universe, as each grain of sand is a sample of the entire beach. Rene Guenon says, "Man is a symbol just as a word is a symbol." Every word and every symbol carry man along. Man is the symbol of the unmanifested, and you have to live your life like a symbol. Because if you don't want to live your life as a symbol, but as what you think is a real body, then you're not living.

Q How do you choose your actors?

A They're not actors. I find them the way I find locations. When I'm looking for a location, I don't sleep. I believe that the planet is a human being, a live being who thinks—logically—but also dreams. And then it makes landscapes which are very different. So without having slept, I happen on a place and find these geological dreams.

I said, for exemple, that I needed a men with no legs, and he knocked on my door. That's how I found all the people. They came. When I needed a person, that person appeared.

I first met Mara when she ceme to my home one day. She was in bad shape. At one time in her life she had taken LSD in great quantities, and had suffered. I said, "I will make a film with you. You will have the starring role." And she believed me. She didn't know who I was. And I didn't know her name. She lived with my children for six months. One day she said, "My name is Mara." After we filmed the movie, she left. I don't know where she is.

Q Did they understand their roles?

A When I wanted to do the repe scene, I explained to Mara that I was going to hit her and rape her. There was no emotionel relationship between us, because I put a clause in all the women's contracts stating that they would not make love with the director.

We had never spoken to each other. I know nothing about her. We went to the desert with two other people, the photographer and a technician. No one else. I said, "I'm not going to rehearse. There will be one take because it will be impossible to repeat it. Roll the cameras only when I signal to you to." Then I told her, "Pain does not hurt. Hit me." And she hit me. I said, "Harder." And she started to hit me very hard, hard enough to break a rib . . . I ached for a week. After she had hit me long enough and hard enough to tire her, I said, "Now it's my turn. Roll the cameras." And I really . . . I really . . . I really raped her.

Q Some people seeing *El Topo* are upset by all the blood in the picture.

A Ah, the blood—there is so much blood in the picture. I refer to the Essenes. In their Gospel of Peace, they say that all blood comes from the Universal Mother, that stones are blood, flowers are blood, walls are blood, that everything is blood. So when I wound someone in the picture, I exaggerate the blood because I feel it is Truth being exposed . . . quite apart from the humor of it.

I'll tell you what Godard said when someone asked him, "Why do you show so much blood in *Weekend*?" He answered, "I don't use blood; I use the color red. I like red." There are so many people who don't like red. There's a social barrier against red. If all the violence shown in movies doesn't show blood, people will accept it. The first barrier against red is the red traffic lights. Then there's the communist terror. And the menstrual cycles. And hemorrhoids . . . which eighty percent of the people in the U.S. suffer from . . from bad eating habits, from eating hemburgers. To solve this problem, I propose that the audience see different colors of blood. Think of green blood, for example, end you forget that throughout each human being, throughout mankind, flows a river of blood. In my pirate movie, I won't have those problems: I'm going to put green blood in the wounds . . . blue blood . . . violet blood. And the wounds will spill out soap bubbles, red butterflies, pieces of shiny cloth, crystal balls, cows' tongues . . . or hamburgers. O.K.? Ah! Such pleasure! What a pleasure it is to sing . . .!

Q I'm surprised you've never written poetry.

A When Mohammed sew his first vision in the cave, he screamed and said, "Why me?" And he wented to commit suicide. He didn't want to accept the vision because he thought it was too beautiful. One day I was drinking—I never drink—and that dey I drank Vodka because Vodka is transparent. So it was like drinking the glass. I've always wanted to drink the glass instead of the liquid. Later, I wes with Valerie and all of a sudden I started to cry. And I whispered in her ear, desperately and with certain vengeance, "I'm a poet." I think that films must be made like poems. Right? Some people make films like novels. Truffaut. Some make films like politicel essays. Godard. That's good! Some people make films like metaphysical stories: Bergman. But I went to make poems. We can make poetry—we must make poetry. Poetry meant for e poet-audience. That, too.

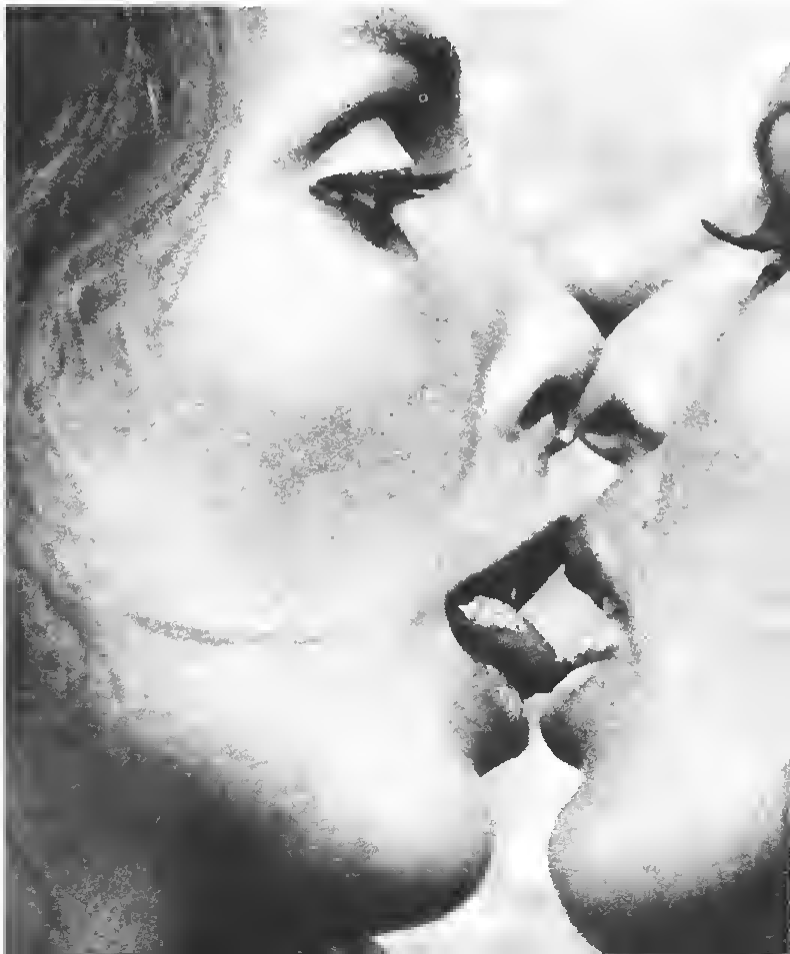
Q What other filmmakers make a film en act of poetry?

A Erich von Stroheim. Buster Keaton. I think Buster Keaton's films don't have very good techniques. But he's so beautiful, so strong, he doesn't need to use great techniques. You don't need to do enything. You only need to use Buster Keaton. In *El Topo* there are no techniques . . . no dissolves, no effects, nothing. I filmed things as they were. And always with strong light. Arthur Cravan is a poet who says, "Mystery in broad daylight." Andre Breton wrote about him in his book on Bleck Humor. He also said, "Spitting: is it an insult or a caress?" Right? I feel those two concepts are very good.

There are moments in the picture when I pay small homeges. For example, when the bendit sucks on the shoe. That's homage to Bunuel. When Mera circles El Topo in the desert saying, "Nothing, nothing, nothing . . .": to Godard, especially to a part of his film *Pierrot le Fou*. The duel scene between El Topo and the Colonel in the circular spece: Leone. When the camera is stetionary end the action takes place in e single frame, I pay homage to Buster Keaton. Etcetera. The shot thet frames one of the bandits with the legs of the Colonel is one of the most common used in film. So I decided to use it to amuse myself. Another common take is showing someone approaching the camera. I only did that once. The influence of bad movies.

Q How were you changed by the experience of the movie?

A I was reborn. A new life. Really, a new life. I think my brain opened up. Maybe whenever you do something, you are always changed. When I sheved my head and when I found the landscapes, for example, those were very strong experiences—Jungian experiences. I took an old woman—she wes a hundred years old—from the town, end I kissed her when we ate the beetles. The beetle is a sacred symbol of Egypt. We entered into Time, and she gave birth to me. You'll notice she has the Tree of Life embroidered on her vestment. I had it embroidered for her. And I think I wes reborn, like a hero who must die and be reborn. I think my whole life was changed. For example, when I returned home after filming the movie, I couldn't stand having anything on the walls. And I took everything down from the walls, and now I live in a white house with no pictures on the walls . . . nothing. And I put a box in the middle of a room, took all the books thet no longer said anything to me, and put them in the box. And I let my friends take them away. I threw away all my clothes because I couldn't wear them anymore. I kept a few pairs of pants and some shirts, that's all. I had the honor of not being admitted into many New York restaurants. Incredible, isn't it? Even the restaurant on the first floor of this building turned me away. That's why now I'm in the heights of the building.



GRANT WILLIAMS

Whatever happened to Grant Williams? The star of THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN, THE MONOLITH MONSTERS and WRITTEN ON THE WIND is now back again in this weird, strange, chilling. . .well, anyway, weird film.

REED HADLEY

Also back is Reed Hadley who was a TV trademark for years in the early Fifties in RACKET SQUAD and the star of the now classic Republic serial ZORRO'S FIGHTING LEGION. More recently he appeared in THE ST. VALENTINE'S DAY MASSACRE directed by Roger Corman.

KENT TAYLOR

Another fine veteran, Kent Taylor goes all the way back to Mae West's I'M NO ANGEL. Memorable as star of the early TV BOSTON BLACKIE series, Kent's also been in SFantasy flicks like DAY MARS INVADED EARTH, THE CRAWLING HAND, and that other existential jewel, BRIDES OF BLOOD.

BRAIN OF BLOOD poses a significant scientific answer to the problem of: Is it possible for a brain to achieve a coveted X-Rating if it has blood? Or even: should a mad doctor dabble in things not meant for normal (or even abnormal) man to know? Co-produced and coordinated by former "Screen Thrills" editor, Sam Sherman, who's also one of the biggest SFantasy-horror buffs we know, this should prove a romp and great fun for anyone who likes to see a return of freaks, mad doctors, sinister foreigners, monsters and similar goodies. It brings back much of the vanished touch and mood of the old blood-and-thunder Forties and Fifties. Bring a lot of popcorn and snacks with you—it's that type of flick. Also co-billed in most theatres with BRAIN is VAMPIRE PEOPLE. Something to do with the Vampire-Lib' movement and night-workers, maybe. . .

— CTB —

While on assignment from a leading magazine to do a story on an artists' colony in a Spanish coastal village, Claude Marchand learns of several brutal murders that hava been committed thera. Unexpectedly, he gains an interview with Franz Badulescu, a blind sculptor, whose wife, Tania, and her mysterious lover are plotting to kill him. Tania and her lover have been involved in a series of horrid murders—after being immersed in an acid bath, the victims' bonas serve as the armaturas for Badulescu's sculptures. When Valerie, an artist Claude has met, disappears, Claude unearths the killers after a fierce struggle at the Badulescu cottage, during which Tania and her lover become the victims of their own strategies.

Capsule comment: This very routine horror-meller is one of several "quickie" films shot in Mexico, with Karloff's takes made in Hollywood in 1969. Don't expect to see much of the old master, though, since his role is hardly mora than a cameo, though worthwhile just to see him in one of his last stands.

CREDITS

Boris Karloff: Badulescu
Jean-Pierre Aumont: Marchand
Viveca Lindfors: Tania
Rosenda Monteros: Valerie
Milo Queseda: Shanghai
Dianik Zurakowska: Elga
Ruben Rojor: Pabio

Cannon (101 min.). Robert D. Weinbach, prod., Edw.Mann, dir.; screenplay John Melson & Edw.Mann.

A CONVERSATION WITH

He sat alone in his hotel room, slowly eating a late breakfast before reporting to the theatre for rehearsals. Age has softened the sharp angles of his narrow face and is beginning to bow his gaunt frame slightly. But his ringing voice rattled dishes on the table like a mild earthquake and his eyes are as quick as a falcon's.

John Carradine at 65 is proud of his long acting career. He claims to have appeared in more films than any other living actor (except Donald Crisp who was in THE BIRTH OF A NATION), a figure he places at above 300. Yet the grim-visaged Carradine insists he is a stage actor who just happens to do films on occasions. He doesn't relish the label of "horror actor" and bristles with indignant fury when it is mentioned. Still, he will talk of his horror roles with a fondness that shows through only too well.

When CASTLE Of FRANKENSTEIN interviewed Carradine, he was recreating one of his most celebrated theatrical roles, Shylock in Shakespeare's "The Merchant of Venice," for a small repertory theatre in Palo Alto, California, about 30 miles south of San Francisco. A few months later, Carradine returned to the same area to direct and star in a production of "The Winslow Boy" at Foothill College. Both performances were warmly received by the critics.

COF: Do you really recoil at being called a horror actor?

CARRADINE: Oh, yes, yes; it's so ridiculous. I never playad a monster in my life. In the second placa, I did very few of those pictures, most all at one period. And I did them to finance my repertory company. I just sent tha money right up to Equity, the stagehands' union and the railroads and the costumers. I did it for that reason.

COF: Still, you continue to do this sort of film. Has it come to the point that even though you might prefer to do something else you have to take thesa roles because of the money?

CARRADINE: More or less, because of my responsibilities. I still hava an awful load to cerry. I've been carrying a heavy load for 30 years. My youngest son is only 16, my next boy is 22. I've got a ways to go before I can call my lifa my own.

COF: How large is your family?

CARRADINE: I have seven boys; four sons and three step-sons. My eldest natural son is known as David Carradina. He was on Broadway in "Tha Daputy" and "The Royal Hunt of the Sun." He had his own tv show, SHANE. His real name is John. But they didn't want the John "junior" bit, so his egent persuaded him to take a different name, end David was tha nama of our first ancestor in this country. It's a name that's recurrent in our family. I might add it's also the agent's nama, too, which might hava had something to do with it.

COF: You seem to ba very family conscious. Is this a Carradine trait?

CARRADINE: Well, I'm half Johnny Reb and Southerners are very family conscious, you know. All my father's relatives are very conscious of the family background. They've studied geneology of the family and they've traced us back to William The Conquaror.

CDF: Could you give just a brief summary of your own immediate family background?

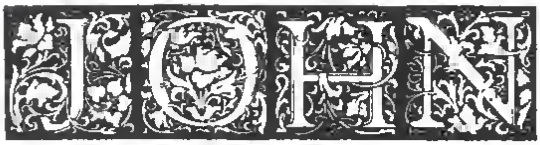
CARRADINE: Well, my father was a Southern gentlemen. He was born in Natchez, Mississippi. His father was a Methodist preacher, a very distinguished and famous one. And my father studied law. Somewhere along the line he was e mural painter. Then he went to New York and became a journalist. He worked up in that profession to a point where he was London correspondent for Associated Press. Ha died when I was very small. I have a half-brother end a half-sister. My half-brother is a Ph.D from Harvard, teaches school in Cepe Cod and builds boats. My mother was a surgeon. Her last post was on tha staff of the Cancer Clinic in Philadelphia. I was sent to boarding schools until my mother married again when I was ten. Than I lived with my stepfether and mother in Philadelphia.

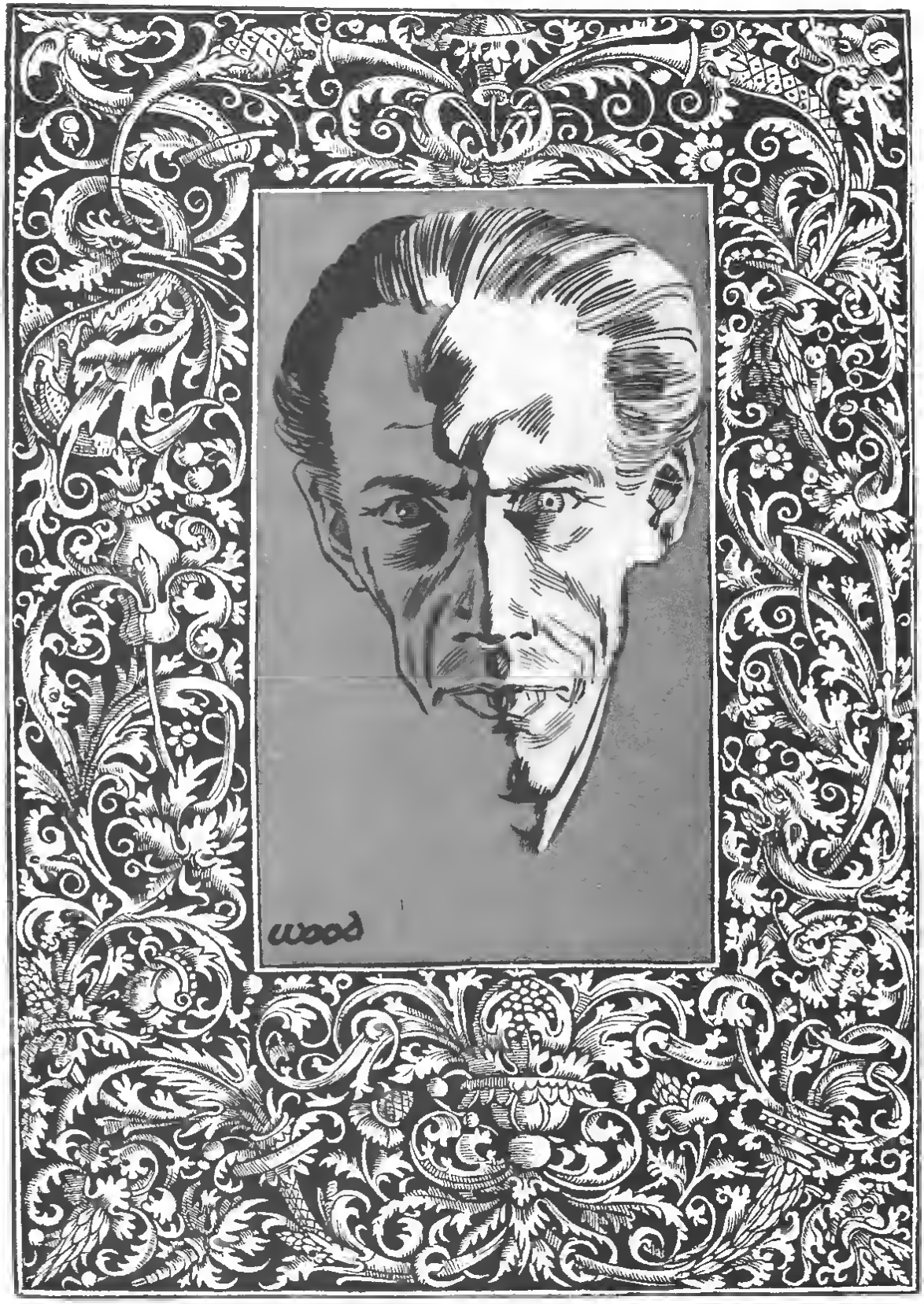
CDF: What made you decide to become an actor?

Continued

Intarviewed by RDN MILLER

Illustration by Wallaca Wood




wood

CARRADINE: I was vary much impressed at 14 when I was taken to see a performance of "The Merchant Of Venice" done by Robert Mantell, who was then the pramier Shakespearian actor in Amarica. Mantell had the greatest voice I evar heard in my lifa. I walked out on clouds and said, that's what I want to be.

CDF: Speaking of voice, yours is one of your trademarks. Is it natural or did you cultivate it to sound the way it does?

CARRADINE: Oh, yes, I had to. I had a good natural voice, a goud, light, claar baritone voice. And I was a singer at first, you know. I wasn't getting very far because I wasn't very good. I had no formal training and there were so many singers around the Los Angeles area when I started out. They could sing circles around me. So I quit singing and concantrated on acting. I wanted to play Shakespeare and I did some work with an old semi-retired Shakespearian actor. Anyway, this old fellow took a fancy to me and one day ha said, "John, you're the only young actor I know who can do all the great perts. But you lack voice for them. You need a stronger and a heavier voice. And you need the last nota d-o-w-n!"
So he gave me an exercise that tore my throat right out of my neck and I thought I'd never be able to speak again. But in about a month I noticed a difference. He said, "Don't baby your voice, treat it roughly; you'll never have one till you'va lost it half a dozen times."
So I used to go out to the Hollywood Bowl lata at night or early in tha morning and shout Shakespeare to 20,000 empty seats. I did this every night for fiva years. By that tima, I was a basso.

COF: Your horror movie fans will probably find it hard to balieva Carradine was ever a singer. Do you evar sing today?

CARRADINE: Of course! I'va done PAINT YOUR WAGON several times and I hava more songs than tha lead. If I had known I was going to be a bass before I was 30, I would hava stuck to singing for thare are very faw around.

COF: How long were you in films befoa you made a big nama for yourself?

CARRAOINE: It was when I played the prison commandant, the tormentor of Dr. Mudd in PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND. I think it was my 75th part.

COF: What is your opinion of Boris Karloff?

CARRADINE: Boris was a very fine actor. I have seen him do marvellous things. The part ha played with me in tha first show we did together; in fact, the only time we've ever been on tha stage together, ha played a brutalized Russian peasant. He lookad lika Rasputin with a typical peasant shirt and boots. It was a superb characterization. And then ha did a play right after that in which he played a wily, cultivated men of tha world, a Russian nobleman, a general who had some of the qualities of the prefect in "Crime and Punishment." I said to myself, Gee, whiz! This guy's an actor—a hell of an actor! But he never got a chanca to really show what he could do. Well, he did one picture in which you could see he was a hell of an actor. It was a thing called THE BDDY SNATCHER. For my money, he walked away with it.

COF: You blame the FRANKENSTEIN part?

CARRADINE Yes. Boris, you see, was stuck with this. I had turned it down, the Frankenstein part. We had been doing that play together in 1928. I was making $50 a weak and Boris was getting $75. Ha was the heavy and I was the comedian. We played for ten weeks in Los Angeles and then Boris went back to driving a truck and I want back to pacing tha boulevard looking for anothar job. Then I got a call to Universal and I found out it was a monster and I didn't have any dialogue, so I turned it down. About three months later they got Boris. He accepted and, of course, it made him a star. But it typed him and I'm sure he had never ceased to ragret this.

COF: Didn't you play a part in BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN? Dne of the woodsman who rushes into tha blind man's hut to find tha monster there?

CARRAOINE: Yes, I think I did. I did somathing lika that, but I'd almost forgotten. It was only a day's work. I think I did, yes. It was around tha same period I did a small part in the first INVISIBLE MAN with Claude Rains.

COF: Though you demean your work in horror films, why do you think so many actors with stage experience like yourself, Karloff, Lugosi, Rains and others are the real "stars" in them?

CARRAOINE: Forgetting for the moment that I have played some of this sort of thing, I would say this is the most difficult thing to do and do well. A bad actor would overdo them. Of course, I can maka mistakes. I had a chanca to do THE MUNSTERS. Unfortunately for my pocketbook, I was doing a picture and I couldn't get away. So I lost it to Fred Gwynne. Now Fred did something with it that I wouldn't have done. I would have playad the mekeup. But Fred didn't. He played a real sweet guy, which mekes the whole thing. And he was absolutely right about it.

COF: Even whan you're not playing a villain, doesn't the audience always suspect you because of your many sinister roles?

CARRADINE: Yes, just because I'm in it. For instance, they had me in a part in a Sherlock Holmes picture with Rathbona. I was tha butler. They made me

wear a beard to make me look sinister. Of course no English butler ever wore a beard. But the idea was for the audience to say, He did it! He did it! as soon as they saw me. But I didn't; I was only the red herring. Movies sometimes use me just for that purpose.

COF: Your fans often point to BLUEBEARD as your greatest horror role, even greater than your Dracula parts. How do you rate it ?

CARRADINE: BLUEBEARD was the first picture in which I got single star billing. It was, I think, the biggest part I ever had in a picture and certainly not the easiest to play. It wasn't a bad picture until toward the end when they got those two former Mack Sennett cops in—that was completely out in left field. It very nearly ruined the whole picture.

COF: Well, at least it wes one of the few pictures in which you actually got the girl—several to be exact.

CARRADINE: Yeah, yeah. Except that I killed them all. There was an implication that I was a successful lover though. I very seldom have had that experience in pictures.

END

FRANKENSTEIN MINI-REVIEWS

LIGHT AT THE EDGE OF THE WORLD, THE (120 min—Nat. Gen—1971). A very uncerebral but action-filled version of Jules Verne's novel, produced by Kirk Douglas. Island survivor Douglas has run-in with pirate Yul Brunner and his hostage Samantha Eggar. More reminiscent of THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME than Verne, but light-headed fun anyway. Cinematography by Henri Decae. Eastmancolor. GP rating.

OMEGA MAN, THE (103 min—WB—1971). Richard Matheson's frightening SF-horror novel ("I Am Legend") transmuted into equally impact filmic version with many brilliant moments. This is the second time around for the Matheson story, originally filmed by AIP in '64 as THE LAST MAN ON EARTH starring Vincent Price in a most interesting though flawed production. In OMEGA Matheson's hero (tautly portrayed by Charlton Heston) remains the same, but the vampires have become The Family, a diseased cult of anti-technologists. A 1975 germ war between Red China and Russia has wiped out the planet of people, and Heston, immune to the disease, believes himself to be the only survivor. By day he roams the city searching for The Family's "nest," raiding stores and automobile showrooms, screening WOODSTOCK for the 100th time and talking to himself. At night, when The Family stalks, he holes up in his penthouse, surrounded by his art collection and his closed-circuit tv view of the street, armed with a rifle with an infra-red scope. The paper-strewn city streets, the oblique references to Manson, the use of WOODSTOCK clips, T.S. Eliot quotes and bitter cynical end-of-world one-line gags all add up to an apocalyptic mise en scene quite believable and plausible. OMEGA brought to mind NYC's garbage strike a few years back—what media didn't report: rats were beginning to live and breed in street garbage and city dwellers aware of this hurried to get home before dark. Rats, responsible for transmitting the great Black Plagues of medieval Europe, were only a week or so away from taking over NYC as strike negotiations stretched out slowly toward the length of a rat's gestation period. And — then what? "men come and go. . . but earth abides." Directed by Boris Sagal. Score by Ron Grainger. **Panavision, color.**

RETURN OF COUNT YORGA, THE (96 min—AIP—1971). Very good sequel to COUNT YORGA VAMPIRE (see CoF 16) with Robert Quarry repeating his excellent Yorga characterization. Film also marks horror film debut of the highly talented Marlette Hartley (RIDE THE HIGH COUNTRY). Screenplay: Bob Kelljan and Yvonne Wilder who portrays the mute Jennifer. Roger Perry, George MacReady. Color. GP rating.

DESPERATE CHARACTERS (87 min—ITC—1971). Forty-eight hours of NYC reality nightmare horrors (sorry to make Mayor Lindsay and NYC's chamber of commerce unhappy). Especially recommended for those who seem to be drawing a blank when reading HEADITORIALS in CoF. Score by Lee Konitz; with Jim Hall, Ron Carter, Shirley MacLaine, Kenneth Mars, Gerald O'Loughlin.

NEXT (90 min—Gemini Maron—1971). Orig. title "Lo Strano Della Signora Ward" (THE STRANGE CASE OF MRS. WARD), stills on view in CoF 17. Mrs. Ward (Edwige Fenech) initiates a new love affair but finds herself threatened by a former lover, a real weirdo (Ivan Rassimov). Italian-Spanish; Alberto Mendoza, Christina Airoldi. Color. R rating.

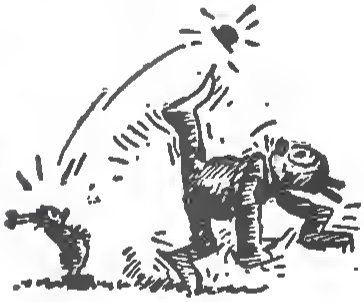
NIGHT OF DARK SHADOWS (97 min—MGM—1971). Minus Jonathan Frid and many of the other elements that not only created interesting moods in the TVersion but enriched last year's HOUSE OF DARK SHADOWS, Curtis' 2nd feature film comes thru pallid and like soap opera gothic. Some nice moments, but saved primarily by the presence of good reliables like David Selby (who, as Charles Collins inherits house possessed by spirit of a witch ancestor), Lara Parker, Grayson Hall, Nancy Barett, Thayer David, John Karlen. Color. GP rating.

ZACARIAH (91 min—ABC—1971). Like EL TOPO, this also attempts to use the Western as a setting for contemporary social comment. Rock personalities of varying acting talents wield guns and hip talk in "the first electric Western," scripted by the Firesign Theater. It doesn't work—sending record fans back to their stereos and film fans off in search of a print of RED GARTERS. John Rubenstein, Don Johnson, Country Joe MacDonald and the Fish, Elvin Jones, Doug Kershaw, Pat Quinn, New York Rock Ensemble, White Lightnin'. Color.

PETER RABBIT & THE TALES OF BEATRIX POTTER (90 min—MGM—1971). Peter Rabbit and other creatures of Miss Potter brought to life by Royal Ballet Company in mask-costumes similar to type used by Sid and Marty Kroft (PUFNSTUF). Animation would have been preferable; in fact, Potter's fantasy world was on Disney's schedule for years but never filmed. No dialogue. Erin Geraghty portrays Beatrix Potter. Color.

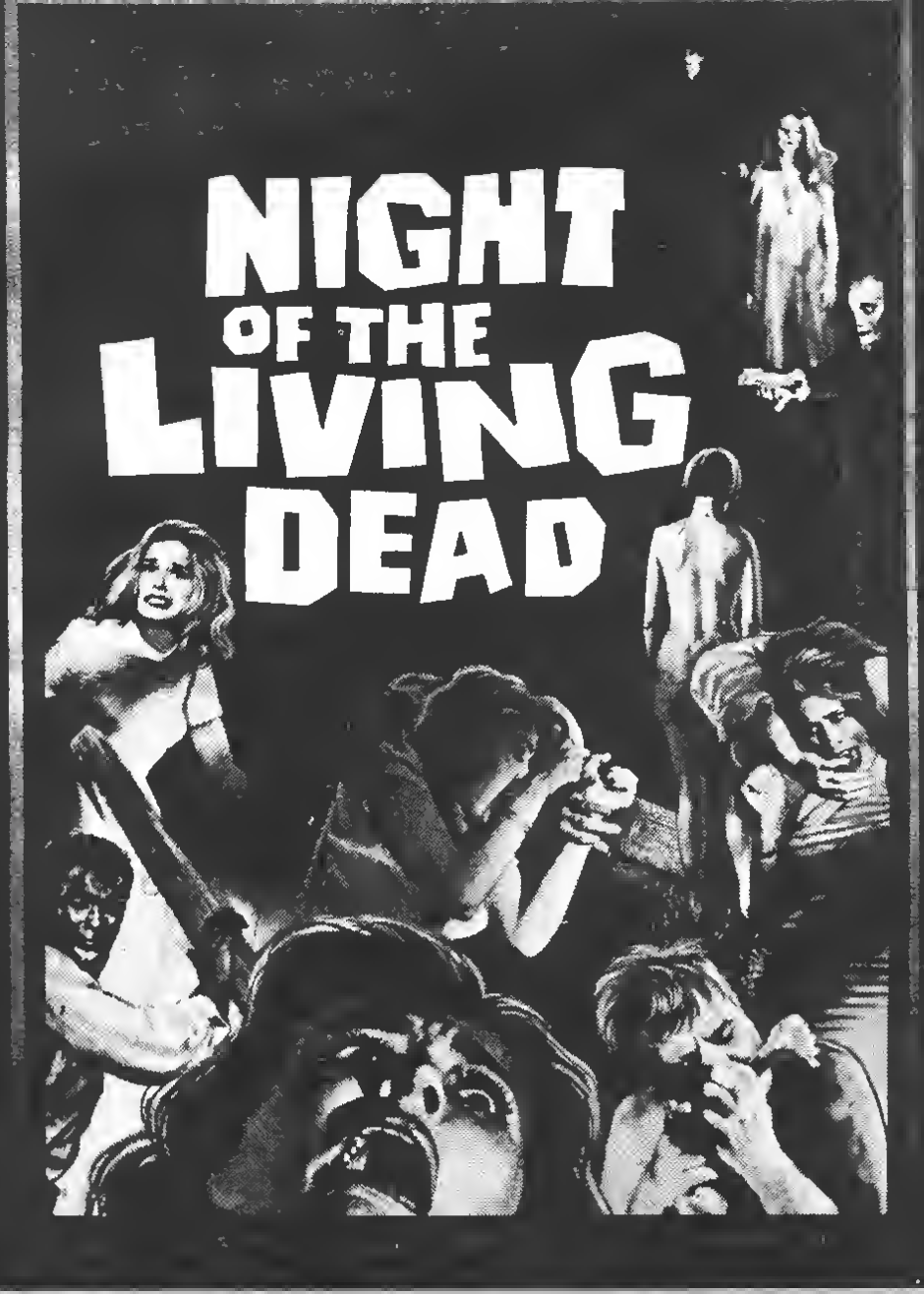
GET CARTER (111 min—MGM—1971). Based on Ted Lewis' "Jack's Return Home," Jack Carter (Michael Caine) returns home carrying death to Newcastle, England. Stalking the underworld for his brother's murderer, Violence, while not gratuitous, soon reaches the overload position of overkill. Prod. by Michael Klinger on location. Britt Eklund, Ian Hendry, John Osborne (author of "Look Back in Anger"). Color. R. rating.

SUPERGIRL (100 min—Thorne—1971). A voluptuous woman from a strange planet is on a mission to warn about an impending alien attack. German low-budgeter at present lacks distribution but has been seen on German-French tv. Iris Berben, Heinz-Gergesmuller von Griffensteinbrunner, Fritzling Daunzungschnapps, Freidrich Schitzoff.



THERE'S A DANCE IN THE OLD DAME YET.

SHINBONE ALLEY (83 min—AA—1971). archy and mehitable first appeared in 1916 when newspaper columnist Don Marquis, desperate for ideas, conceived of having a cockroach write his columns. 1927: collected in book form with illustrations by George Herriman, creator of Krazy Kat. 1955: a marvelous musical version recorded on Columbia Records with Eddie Bracken, Carol Channing and David Wayne. 1957: Broadway musical, "Shinbone Alley," with Eddie Bracken and Eartha Kitt, based on the record. Then. a live tv special with Bracken, Tammy Grimes and Jules Munshin. Finally: the long-awaited animated film which, happily, retains Bracken and Channing plus a large dose of the Marquis sophistication and original mood. Unhappily, though, it has totally dispensed with Herriman's battered, scruffy and unattractive alleycat, substituting instead a glamorized mehitable. Other voices: John Carradine, Allen Reed Jr. Color.



ELEMENTS of QUALITY

N of TLD's characters are varied and deceptively normal, surrounded by a simple looking environment; but they're all banded together by one cause: fear. Fear from the horrors that ghouls will bring upon them. Character interplay, carefully planned detail behind each scene, and abstention from the Big Time studio curse, *glossy slickness,* are part of its infectious fascination. Apart from none of the cast being professionals (except two or three in their spare-time), everyone, including Duane Jones, the lead, is remarkably restrained, under- or over-playing at precisely the right moment, and at all times *natural.*

These virtues, unfortunately, seem to exist mainly in intelligent low-budgeters (very rarely in other films). It appears only possible when typical big studio "business" pressure is practically nonexistent. Under such conditions, the results are sometimes amazing.

The professional corporate studio crunch and mania for "slick" perfectibility are a drug on the market after more than forty years of "silver screen" artificiality—an evil force only withstood by a few talents of Kubrick's rank (though his budgets have become colossal, he still adheres to a simple clean-cut style that's never deviated since established in his first known release, A KILLER'S KISS, 1955).

Another commendable asset: using a cast of unknowns. This puts an audience into a favorable position of expectation, of not knowing how an unknown will perform. When an unknown gives a competent performance, all well and good. But when it's a "star," his familiar style and name-

value eclipses some degree of attention from his role. Things were different during early star vehicle days, and not only the director but the star was king, budgets much smaller, unions not tyrannical dictatorships and when studios weren't part of conglomerate nightmareland.

N Of TLD GENESIS

Thematically, ghouls, the undead and zombie-like creatures are traditionally and filmicly old. They have been preeminent or subordinate since at least THE WHITE ZOMBIE (1932), to CARNIVAL OF SOULS (1960), PLAGUE OF THE ZOMBIES (1965), to THE LAST MAN ON EARTH ('64) and the 1971 remake, THE OMEGA MAN. Many others have utilized similar elements—a few: Lewton's RKO classic, I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE (1943); Paramount's THE GHOST BREAKERS (1941), comedy-horror starring Bob Hope and Paulette Goddard, but also outstanding for at least two horrific sequences with Noble Johnson (the Nubian in Karloff's THE MUMMY) as a frightful zombie. And lately, the shameful N of TLD imitation, LET'S SCARE JESSICA TO DEATH.

On the surface, N of TLO seems like a fusion of THE LAST MAN ON EARTH (AIP, 1964) that starred Vincent Price, and INVISIBLE INVADERS (UA, 1959) with John Carradine and John Agar. Plot-lines of both films--especially INVADERS —could have served as rough blueprints; and both are worthy little SFantasies not to be overlooked. Being derivative though isn't logical grounds for criticism; creative people have always derived stimulation from countless sources and will continue doing so forever.

Many similarities abound, of course; it's the end result, and total final structure,that's the difference between a Frank Lloyd Wright masterpiece like the Guggenheim Museum or an artless slab like New York's Colosseum, though both have similar foundations. Still playing the Analogy Game (not yet on TV), how about 1943's richly set and directed PHANTOM OF THE OPERA compared with 1962's weaker version? (Not to mention the 1925 original with Lon Chaney.) You see, it also works in reverse. Some directors simply haven't got "it"

Successful films fall into two basic categories: the typical "exploitationer," hypoed by large advertising campaigns invested (or wasted) to lure audiences, even for a lemon. Audiences have learned to become wary, however, through the years, and another kind of b.o. success has emerged: the word-of-mouth winner. NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD is one of them, and probably the most profitable chiller of all time by being primarily exploited by "recommendation" only.

Released late in 1968 with minimum publicity, N of TLO was an unrecognized sleeper; yet in just several short years, fantastic fame and success grew from support mostly by young audiences, colleges and from an overwhelming "underground" film crowd enthusiasm.

Although N of TLD finally cost its creator and director, George Romero, around $184,000, about $114,000 is union-ruled money for all the actors, most of them non-professionals. Originally, Romero began with only a tiny investment of $6,000, pooled in by him and some frustrated filmaking friends. The $70,000 required for all final filming, lab costs and finishing touches came in from different investors.

No stranger to SFantasy, George Romero has stated that his inspiration arose from his horror film fan days and old comics, especially Gaines' "Tales From The Crypt" of the early Fifties. (Needless to conjecture, therefore, how excellent Subotsky-Rosenberg's very disappointing TALES FROM THE CRYPT would have been under Romero's band.)

N of TLO's gross profit of more than $3½ million (so far) not only offers hope to many independent and would-be filmakers but answers the despair of film enthusiasts and investors concerned about future filmaking.

But on a note of caution: there are now approximately 250 "unreleased" films languishing in vaults, made in the last seven or eight years, some bearing credits of the highest magnitude. N of TLO could have easily suffered similar oblivion. Unlike the unfortunate people involved in "lost" productions—who lose total control sometimes after production is over—Romero kept everything under control until the time of distribution. Since then, "nature" took its course.

What raises N of TLO high over the shallow, hollow level of a TALES FROM THE CRYPT and other unartistic ventures are several key elements, besides the director's ease, disciplined style and sensible control, which has already been mentioned.

Foremost is director Romero's sense for fear—knowledge of what constitutes the simplest but most identifiable neurosis of a paranoid society that has damned good reason for being keyed up and on the brink of screaming because:

Scenes top to bottom & next page from the beginning to about middle of NoTLD. Further details in Synopsis at end of article.

Something is after you. . .try as you may to hide, behind a door, in the attic or the basement, It is someplace out there. . .

Ghoul, zombie or "monster" — regardless, it's the old Bogeyman who always seemed to be "over there," especially during one's early formative years. And. . .even now, though you're older, in your twenties or even middle-aged, would you dare walk the dark corridor of your home or venture into an unlit and empty room if-- if for one second you felt that someone, "Something," was in there?

Sure of yourself, you think? If you feel momentarily secure, have you ever thought how the Unknown, the world of Dark Things, may have a tendency of coming closer upon you when you read and think about it? Are you now alone and you feel safe? Guess again! *Dare you turn around and find out? What was that noise you think you heard just now? Maybe it's outside the door. . .Why not open it and see?*

Even if you weren't a trifle disturbed, perhaps you get the point.

Romero's N of TLD asset, therefore, is that his ghoulish terrors personify the oppression and persecution normally felt by all except by the most insensitive. It is this that made audiences empathize with the misunderstood and tortured Monster in FRANKENSTEIN and its sequel, BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, though evaporated in later "sequels" and imitations, and lost when Frankenstein Met the Wolfman Meeting Dracula Doing the Polka With Abbott and Costello.

Audiences sympathized with the *alienated* Monster; subconsciously identified, even amorally, with the lonely and persecuted Count Dracula (the most enduring and personal of all screen creatures); rooted for superalien Klattu and the omnipotent Gort, out to expose the corrupt establishment and *persecuted* by it in THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL.

And now, full circle, to NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD. Except that what were once human beings (part of "society") are now monsters—ghouls. The quintessence of fear and oppression, stripped of all humanity and bearkening back to the putrescent Darkness from where certain things slithered forth but held back as if in some parallel world, waiting for their time to come.

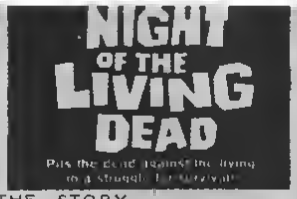
NoTLD's impact would be far less and, as a film, probably about as good as some of the better shockers, without carefully sustained undulations highlighting shock and message value. And this worked splendidly with a remarkable variety of large and small incidents, disparate personalities, little sub-plots, and excellent integration of a very subtle semi-documentary touch in tv-newscasts, including expertly handled sequences showing mobilization against the ghouls.

And. . .the first time the genre's had a black man for a hero!

Even without its final five minutes and strong climax, N of TLD would inspire praise and popularity. Relevance, message value or whatever, it's a great finale with which to cap a superb work of film entertainment. Not only is it unexpected but it is the film's underlying essence and complete denouement.

(A detailed article on director George Romero and the making of NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD is being considered for a forthcoming issue)

— Calvin T. Beck —



THE STORY

It's dusk as Barbara and her brother, Johnny, drive into the Willard cemetery to place a wreath on their father's grave A hulking derelict type approaches and, with no provocation, attacks them. Leaving Johnny unconscious, Barbara flees in terror to a nearby farmhouse, her attacker following behind.

Searching the house, she finds its only inhabitant: a mutilated corpse. Barbara's fears reach a crescendo when she discovers her attacker is outside the house and joined by several other ghoulish figures. It is then that Ben, a young salesman also looking for refuge, fights his way into the house and saves Barbara from the first organized siege of killers.

While boarding up doors and windows to keep out the increasing number of killers, Ben explains as much of the mystery as he knows from a news broadcast

Because of a freak molecular mutation from atomic radiation, the dead have arisen hungering for the living.

Ben and Barbara discover they are not the only fugitives. Judy and Tom, a teenage couple, and Helen, Harry and their little daughter, Karen, have been hiding in the basement. It is between Ben and the querulous Harry that internal friction develops: disagreement over where to hide and how to defend themselves with the only available rifle.

The need for help increases when a tv broadcast warns that injury from a ghoul can infect a healthy person with the same disease. The child, Karen, has meanwhile been injured by one of the ghouls in her flight to the house Tension in the house increases to a feverish pitch as hordes of ghouls pound on the outside. An escape is attempted by Tom and Judy, but fails, and they are devoured. The attackers grow stronger as the bond among the remaining survivors weakens. The doors burst open and the ghouls reign.

Ben accidentally shoots Harry; Barbara is dragged outside by her brother who has become a ghoul; Helen is devoured by her infected child, and only Ben survives, barricaded in the basement.

The next scene is dawn. Humanity has triumped. Organization of the living has defeated the organization of the dead. A posse of farmers, police and dogs has surrounded the farm house and is burning the last of the ghouls.

Ben, still hiding in the basement, hears help outside. Bursting upstairs, wildeyed and mute from the ordeals, he proceeds with caution to a window. From a distance he is mistaken for ghoul and shot.

In one last terrible irony, Ben dies at the hands of his saviours.

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD

Cast and Credits

Ben:	Duane Jones
Barbara:	Judith O'Dea
Johnny:	Russell Streiner
Harry:	Karl Hardman
Tom:	Keith Wayne
Judy:	Judith Ridley
Helen:	Marilyn Eastman
Karen:	Kyra Schon

Produced by Russell Streiner and Karl Hardman. Direction & cinematography by George A. Romero. Screenplay: John Russo. Production mngr.: George Kosana. Lighting: Joseph Unitas. Sound: Gary Streiner. Spcl fx: Regis Survinski, Tony Pantanello. Script coordination & continuity: Jacqueline Streiner & Betty Ellen Haughley. Hair styles: Bruce Capristo. Title sequence: The Animators.

Released by Continental (The Walter Reade Organization). In black and white.

TARZAN

Based upon characters created by
EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.
Authorized by Edgar Rice Burroughs, Inc.

HIS RETURN TO OPAR

Photography,
script,
title lettering
& layout:
KEN G. BARISH
Tarzan portrayal
& creative assistance:
JOSEPH MARONNA
Warrior:
BRUCE RANDOLPH
La of Opar:
CAROL BIANCHI

ABOARD THE STEAMER TARZAN AWAITS HIS HOMECOMING. AFRICA AGAIN BIDS HIM SHEO THE TRAPPINGS OF CIVILIZATION, COMPELLING HIM TO DESERT HIS ENGLISH TITLE AND ESTATES TO ANSWER A PRIMEVAL SUMMONS.

FREE ONCE MORE, TARZAN RESOLVES TO RETURN TO OPAR, A CITY VEILED WITHIN REMOTEST AFRICA, KNDWN ONLY TO HIMSELF.

NOW TIME DOES NOT MATTER, FOR TARZAN DOES NOT CARE TO CONSIDER IT AS HE JOURNIES DEEPER INTO THE IMMENSE CONTINENT, THROUGH AN UNHEARD OF LAND, WHERE CREATURES FROM EARTH'S ANTIOUITY ABIDE IN SAVAGE COMMUNION. ONCE, THE APEMAN IS ATTACKED BY A REPTILIAN MONSTRDSITY, WINGING OUT OF THE SUN. TARZAN'S LONG KNIFE

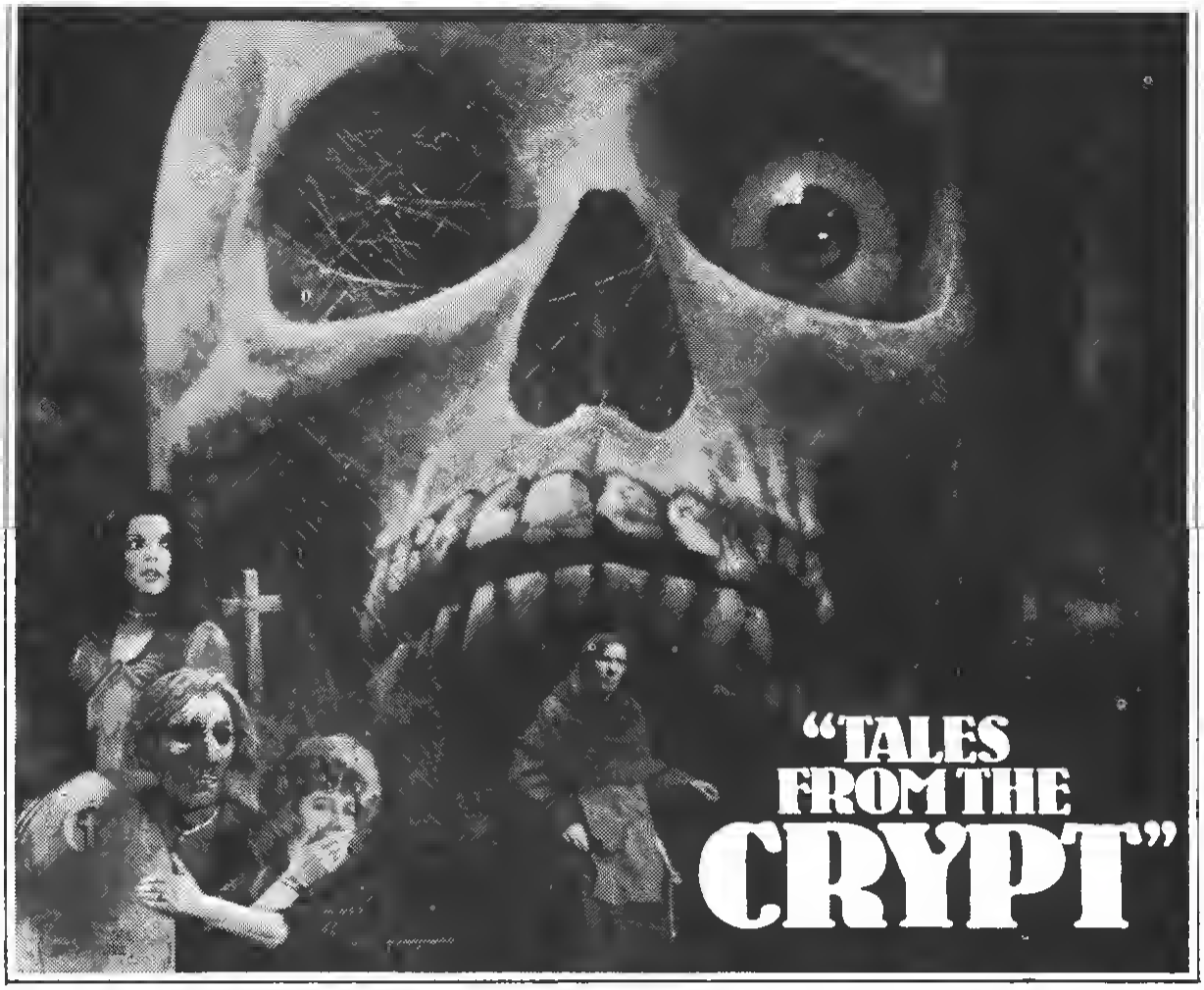
CAPTURED BY THE OPARIANS, TARZAN IS BROUGHT BEFORE THEIR HIGH PRIESTESS, LA, BROODING QUEEN OF THIS FORGOTTEN RACE, OFFSPRING DF THE LOST ATLANTIS. HER LOVE FOR TARZAN IS GREAT, AND WHEN, AS BEFORE, HE SPURNS HER, LA DEMANDS THAT HE BE BOUND TO THE ALTAR, TO BE SACRIFICED ON THE MORROW TO THE FLAMING GOD. TARZAN'S GORE

STRIKES A MIGHTY DEATH BLOW.

TARZAN DOES NOT APPROACH OPAR UNSEEN.

DESIRES OF THE PRIESTS, FILLING THEIR GOLDEN CUPS.

LEFT ALONE TO AWAIT HIS DOOM, TARZAN BURSTS HIS BONDS, AND ESCAPES OVER OPAR'S ANCIENT BATTLEMENTS. NIGHT DISCOVERS HIM UPON THE SPOOR OF THE UNKNOWN, AND THE TRAIL OF MORE ADVENTURE.



Of all the big moneymaking horror flicks in recent years, TALES FROM THE CRYPT probably wouldn't be in existence if not for some recommended copies of old EC comics borrowed from our files about a year ago. Arnold Friedman (with Metromedia last year), whom we'd known when he was with Embassy some years ago, phoned up to say that Charles W. Fries, exec' v.p. of Metromedia—and exec' producer of CRYPT—was kicking around some ideas and needed old horror comics from the early Fifties but didn't know how to start, where to look or what seemed best. Happening to have just arrived from Hollywood and staying at the Waldorf, we chatted with Fries a few times; and after some research and evaluation, a bunch of EC's (with a number of story recommendations) were soon in Fries's hands via special messenger. Almost in a nutshell, that's part of the story. The rest is box-office history.

BUT, OUCH. . .

Were we disappointed ! The beauty of EC's wasn't only that the art work usually was great, even when the stories weren't; they really didn't take themselves so damned seriously as this film did. Therein rests CRYPT'S huge, glaring fault, among others.

Despite some outstandiog moments, each episode lacked foresight and a transitional sensibility especially required of aothology productions. Beyond doubt the most successful anthology shocker is THE DEAD OF NIGHT (1945), not only because of excellent planning, and some of the best British actors available (though the "Ventriloquist" episode could be a film classic by itself). NIGHT'S excellence stems primarily from the quality and strength of its linkage sequences starring Mervyn Johns. Serving not only as a means of "introducing" stories, the Johns segments are creatively built up where they actually become part of the main plot, already used as an introduction and later zeroing in on a magnificent climax. CRYPT'S link-ups, starring Ralph Richardson, didn't even approach NIGHT'S standard, resembling hurried TV iotroductions by Hitchcock or Serling (a style adequate for TV, poison on film).

Associate producers Rosenberg and Subotsky have a long history now in the genre, espeically as makers of anthology style productions, and have often rivalled Hammer's quality. That's what makes it surprising, considering their HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD, though quite tamer, was creatively far superior, linking all episodes together neatly as peas in a pod Oversimplification, perhaps; but visualize a buncb of peas atop a table homeless and disjointed without a pod (and what would Doo Siegel's INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS be without Pods, eh ?). The producers weren't even up to DR. TERROR'S HOUSE OF HORRORS standards back in 1964, un-

TALES FROM THE CRYPT

CAST and CREDITS

The Crypt Keeper. Sir Ralph Richardson
Guide: Geoffrey Bayldon

THE TALES

"All Through the House"
Joanne Clayton: Joan Collins
Richard Clayton: Martin Bodney
Maniac: Oliver MacGreevy
Carol Clayton: Chloe Franks

"Reflection of Death"
Carl Maitland: Ian Hendry
Mrs. Maitland: Susan Denny
Susan: Angie Grant
Tramp. Frank Forsyth

"Poetic Justice"
Grimsdyke: Peter Cushing
James Elliot: Robin Phillips
Edward Elliot. David Markham
Mr. Baker. Robert Hutton

"Wish You Were Here"
Ralph Jason: Richard Greene
Enid Jason: Barbara Murray
Charles Gregory. Roy Dotrice
Pallbearer: Peter Thomas

"Blind Alleys"
William Rogers. Nigel Patrick
George Carter: Patrick Magee
Attendant: Tony Wall
Old Blind Man: George Herbert

Executive producer, Charles W. Fries; co-producer and screenplay by Milton Subotsky; co-producer, Max Rosenberg. Director. Freddie Francis. Art director: Tony Curtis Makeup: Roy Ashton. Filmed at Shepperton Studios, London, England. An Amicus Production for Metromedia Producers Corp.
Running time. 92 minutes. Color.

less seeing actors seated stiffly and poor Ralph Richardson, the Crypt Keeper, wasted uttering "And then? And then?", over and over, is a new filmic art form that's escaped our attention. If so, we're glad it has.

The other big flaw is in the way the stories were misadapted from their EC origins. Though both are fundamentally visual, comics and film are seperate entities, and the closest harmonious relationship that's ever existed between tbe two was in the late Forties when Paramount made a series of Superman action cartoons (and some of the finest animation to date). All other cases of comics-into-film transitions were easily considered acceptable because of a commendable effort to filmicly reinterpret them for non-comics audiences as well. Some of the best are CAPTAIN MARVEL, DICK TRACY and the Kirk Alyn and George Reeves versions of SUPERMAN, though other adaptations of some comics proved eitber ludicrous or disastrous.

THE TALES

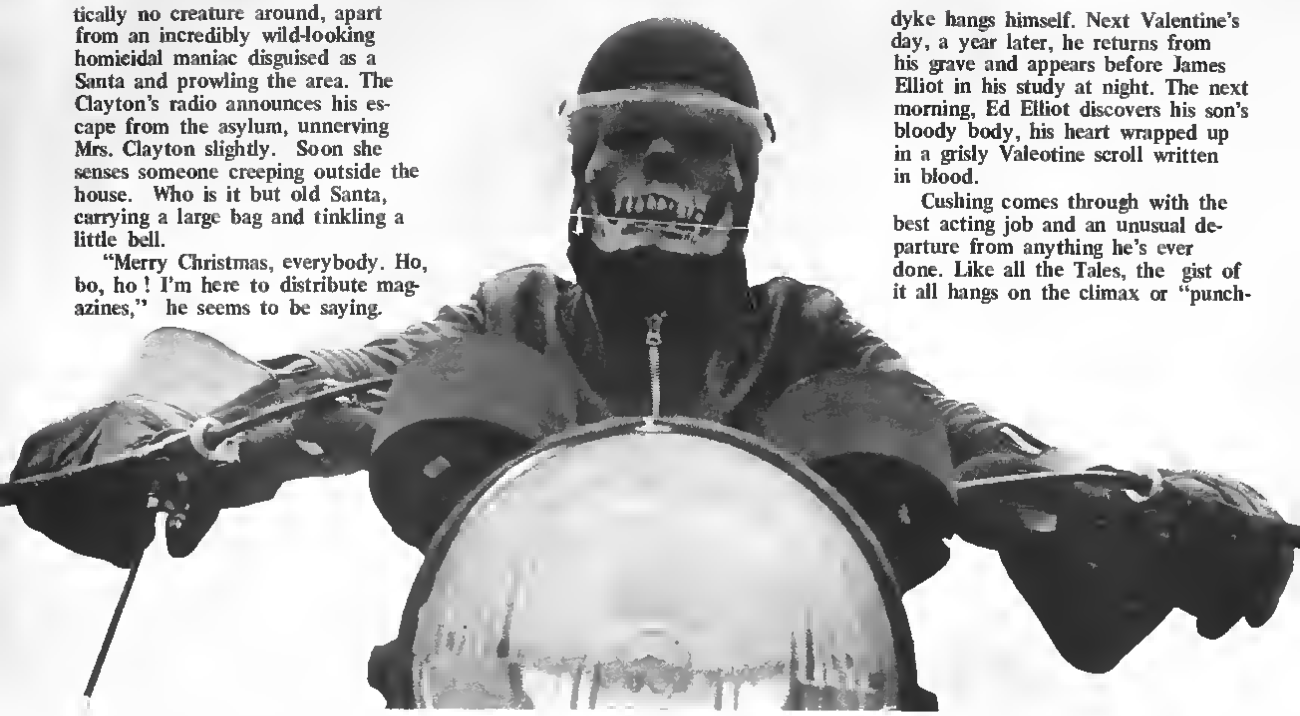
"All Through The House" (from Vault of Horror No.35, illustrated by Johnny Craig):

Celebrating Xmas with his family, Mr. Clayton gets his brains bashed in by Mrs. Clayton using a fireplace poker. Their daughter is upstairs and all snug in her bed, not a creature is stirring and Daddy is dead. . .except Mrs. Clayton extracting her husband's insurance policy from the safe. Prac-

"My name isn't Santa Claus. It's Sanka Claws, and you're up for grabs, honey !" old Father Xmas might've said (above).
Below: Not digging graves as Dr. Frankenstein for a change, Peter Cushing finds a long nap isn't always best for a beauty sleep—especially underneath the earth for one year.

tically no creature around, apart from an incredibly wild-looking homicidal maniac disguised as a Santa and prowling the area. The Clayton's radio announces his escape from the asylum, unnerving Mrs. Clayton slightly. Soon she senses someone creeping outside the house. Who is it but old Santa, carrying a large bag and tinkling a little bell.

"Merry Christmas, everybody. Ho, bo, ho ! I'm here to distribute magazines," he seems to be saying.



How quaint and colorful, overlooking that he's a monster. Closing the shutters and all filled with fright, Mrs. Clayton is ruffled and seems quite a sight. She checks the house gates; shocking her, mad Santa thrusts his arms through the bars and futiley grabs at her. Back indoors, she later is about to phone the police but discovers her little daughter missing. The child was seeking the spirit of Xmas and let Santa into the house; efficiently, he proceeds to strangle Mrs. Clayton to death.

Though the slickest and most stylish of the 5 Tales, it suffers from brevity and badly needed motivation.

"Reflection of Death" (from Tales From The Crypt No.23, illustrated by Al Feldstein):

Maitland and girlfriend, Susan, are joyriding one night. While she drives, be dozes off and has a terrible nightmare. Moments later tbeir car hurtles over an incline, crashing far below. Time passes. Maitland struggles through the countryside as if in a daze, nearly hidden by the dark of night, and scares a tramp half to death, much to his surprise. Arriving later at his bome, Maitland raps on the door, greets bis wife; she yells in terror, slams the door shut and is consumed by hysterical sobbing before her family. Maitland then goes on to find Susan at ber apartment. Now blind, Susan finds it hard to believe he survived after over a year. Gazing into a mirror, he is horrified to learn he's a corpse, thanks to CRYPT'S (and usually Hammer's) makeup master, Roy Ashton.

The shortest in length, "Reflection" is almost plotless and more of an impression or outline. Though totally lacking motivational development, it's tbe best edited and photographed episode.

"Poetic Justice" (from Haunt Of Fear, no. 12, illustrated by Graham Ingels):

Kindly old Grimsdyke (Peter Cushing) has two years to retire, loves the dogs he owns, and spends his spare time making neighborhood children happy and giving them presents. But his rich and evil neighbors, James Elliot and his weakling fatber, would like to own Grimsdyke's property. Thus James Elliot begins to conspire in his ruination. He begins to go about it in several stages: One dark night Elliot goes and destroys Mr. Baker's garden of prize-winning roses, making it seem that Grimsdyke's dogs were responsible. Since the dogs never were licensed and acting under pressure, the city orders them removed and destroyed. Later on, acting from more pressure by the influential Elliots, the city fires Grimsdyke, making him lose his retirement pension.

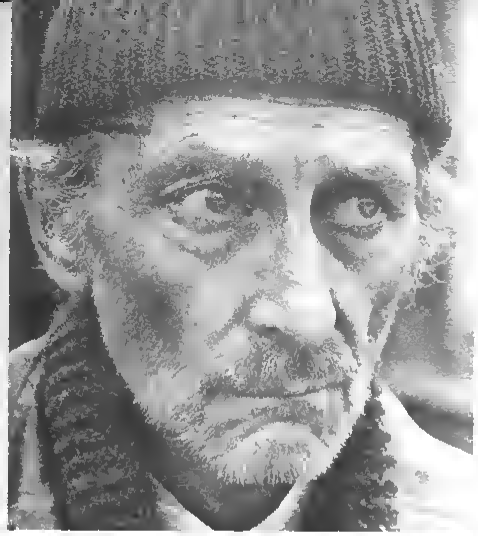
Finally— Elliot mails out a large number of Valentine cards, filled with hateful messages and appearing to come from various people. Crushed and heartbroken, the sensitive Grimsdyke hangs himself. Next Valentine's day, a year later, he returns from his grave and appears before James Elliot in his study at night. The next morning, Ed Elliot discovers his son's bloody body, his heart wrapped up in a grisly Valeotine scroll written in blood.

Cushing comes through with the best acting job and an unusual departure from anything he's ever done. Like all the Tales, the gist of it all hangs on the climax or "punchline." Though having somewhat more development, its worst weakness is that Grimsdyke's evil neighbor, James Elliot, is played without bravura, is bland and unforceful , and callled for one of Michael Gough's or Herbert Lom's ability—both versatile artists who can enact any role, including dirty bastards at the drop of a head. Consequently, Phillips as Elliot doesn't create tbe mood or personality warrantng such a horrific finale—a climax that jumps in rather abruptly without motivational contrasts.

"Wisb You Were Here" (from Haunt Of Fear, no.22, illustrated by Graham Ingels):

Bankrupt Ralph Jason learns that one of the many rare antiques he owns is a strange Oriental idol that can grant any three wishes. Wishing for wealth, his family lawyer phones and asks Ralph to meet bim immediately. On his way, Ralph dies in his car; his wife, Enid, is informed he died leaving a buge insurance. But she cares not for the inherited fortune and only wants Ralph alive again. Their lawyer and friend, Charles Gregory, warns Enid of the "Monkey's Paw" syndrome whicb brought one to life in the condition he died: as a mutilated corpse. Carefully phrasing ber wish, she asks that Ralpb be brought back as he was "before the car accident. At once, pallbearers arrive bearing Ralph inside his coffin and still dead ! She's told his death wasn't from

Though he played the part of his own creation for Hammer's 1958 THE REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN (in the climax), it really took Peter Cushing more than 31 years of film work before getting a "creature" role (above). As Grimsdyke, a man who returns to avenge himself, Cushing walks away with full honors for CRYPT'S best acting job. One of the finest film actors of our time, we of CoF are proud to salute him.



Top photo: Peter Cushing as Grimsdyke. Center: Nigel Patrick in a slice of life. Bottom: Ralph Richardson as the Crypt Keeper.

the car crash but a heart attack. Now with only one wish remaining, Eoid asks that Ralph come to life forever. Stirring in his coffin, Ralpb revives, writbing, moaning, crying in painful agony. He is immortal, all right, but, loaded with embalming fluid and chemicals, in unspeakable torment. Trying to put him out of his nightmare, Enid starts hacking away with a huge cleaver. But anyway you slice it, Ralph is immortal. And Ralph's severed hand, blood, arteries, bone and all, handily moves about. Ralph's worse off than ever and continues screaming. Fade out.

Not only one of the two tightest and most unnerving and upsetting of the Tales, it's also the sickest. Where it "succeeds" is in turning about the traditional horror technique of evil events mostly happening to evil people. Instead, very agreeable human beings are victims of the worst conceivable horrors. This shouldn't happen to nice folks, but bere it does.

"Blind Alleys" (from Tales From The Crypt, no. 46):

A blind men's home is taken over by a callous and unjust director, William Rogers, who starts making drastic "economy cuts." Conditions deteriorate and life worsens for the poor sightless men. They're fed slop and suffer cold, unheated quarters while Rogers eats well and lives in high luxury in a seperate apartmeot, pamperiog his huge dog who also frightens the blind men. The last straw comes when one of the inmates dies of pneumonia because of the unheated premises. The blind men, led by Patrick Magee, imprison Rogers and his mastiff in seperate basement cells without food for two days. In the interim, they construct a semi-labyrinthian corridor. Hearing silence, Rogers finds his door oow open and goes through the basement maze which narrows at one point, its walls impregnated with bundreds of razor blades sticking out. Hardly able to pass this area sideways, Rogers bears the cell-door of his hunger-crazed mastiff creaking open. The huge dog leaps out and Rogers must retreat through the razor blades. At that moment, all the lights are shut off. (It's not a sequel to THE RAZOR'S EDGE!)

Longest and weakest of the Tales, it brings to mind bow better and more eerily THE HUMAN MONSTER (1940), with Lugosi, created terror mood utilizing a very similar setting.

* * *

Hardly illiterate, CRYPT provides what glop like FEAST OF BLOOD didn't. Sbocking horrors leap about with an occasional stomach-churning foray. Meaning, you get your shudders, blood, gore and gook, and bodies just a shade away from hamburger. Almost reminiscent of the good old EC philosophy of not only one good churn deserves an udder— but, grue haunt to udders as udders Wood grue aunt to Boo! (Anyone remember Strangelove's theme song "Heil Slay You In My Screams"?) Sure 'nuff, it almost hearkens back to old EC daze. . . but, regretably, only almost.

What worked splendidly in EC comics form is virtually abandoned. EC's often did things tongue-in-cheek, perhaps shocking but trying to avoid abject repulsion. One never finished a copy of EC comics io a fit of depression.

Ninety-two minutes were badly distributed, with more time for some stories than was needed and no time for the others. Other anthology packages have been more than adequate under similar time limitations; but since director Freddie Francis' record includes films like *The Evil of Frankenstein*, *The Psychopath*, *Vampire Happening*, and especially— heaven help us— TROG(!), what else to expect? Not to fault the man, since be's also racked up a couple nifty ones like *Torture Garden*, *Dr. Terror's House of Horrors*, and *The Skull*. Perbaps be's the Jekyll & Hyde of the industry, though we may never know.

Apart from all mentioned flaws, and the amateurishly clumsy Crypt Keeper linkage intended to provide "transitions" that are oonexistent, it fails because of bitting the senses with unrelieved, badly directed grimness that evokes varying degrees of despondency. Hardly cause for alarm or apt to inspire suicide or violence, it is my honest feeling that horror-suspense is doomed without being permeated by a certain level of "humor" (call it also a sense of perspective and *coolness*) and devoid of the sophistication needed to vary all bues of the spectrum, even when everything converges into black nightmare patterns.

Titillating, thrilling and keeping an audience in suspense takes imagination— and work. Slapping lots of grue together may lure audiences to the boxoffice in droves these days; but it's a cop-out device.

— Calvin T. Beck —

RE: ROY KRENKEL

Roy G. Krenkel is best known for his eighteen cover paintings for the Ace paperback reprints of E.R. Burroughs works. Published during 1963 and 1964, they became an important source of inspiration and motivation for a number of young people who would ultimately enter into the adventure-fantasy field as artists and in other capacities. Of the entire Ace ERB series, approximately half of all covers were the work of Frank Frazetta, and one by Ed Emsh, but Roy illustrated the first ones published and, counting recent ERB's from Ace, the majority in the series

Roy is one of the finest illustrators in the realm of adventure-fantasy today and among the few artists of this century capable of capturing the mood and flavor of this field. An idealist, his scenes are beautiful and ornate, representing in many respects the type of illustration dominant during the early years of this century.

In the accompanying photo Roy is seen nearing the completion of one of his paintings—a saber-tooth in his natural environment—worthy of hanging in the memmalian hall of any museum! It is a "labor of love,"

however, and not intended for any publisher or exhibition. In fact, many of Roy's finest artistic endeavors are created for self-satisfaction alone, though some day, hopefully, they will be reproduced—in an anthology of Roy's work, perhaps.

In future issues of CoF, we plan to present examples of Roy's pen-and-ink drawings. These are wondrous, and some originals may be offered for sale thru CoF. One small sketch is pictured here.

— Ken G. Barish —

LATEST FILM NEWS

The cast for BEN (sequel to WILLARD), includes Joseph Campanella and Arthur O'Connel. .Two different films focusing on amphibians will become popular. AIP has high hopes in hops with FROGS, starring Ray Milland. . .Scotia International figured out the new trend, changing its flick, "The Living Dead" to THE FROG, starring George Sanders and Beryl Reid. Don Sharp directs (with keen edge, we hope); it combines motorcycles with the occul. . . A.C. Lyles leaves westerns at Paramount long enough to settle at MGM for RABBITS, based on a book by Russell Braddan. . . SCHLOCK is not about Sam Katzman, Joe Solomon or Herman Cohen, but stands for Schlockthropus, a missing link. John Chambers, PLANET OF THE APES' makeup master, plays a small role as a National Guard officer. Chambers is in charge of Universal's makeup department and has worked on several NIGHT GALLERY creature creations.

The INCRED
2-HEADED
TRANSPI

Artie Jacobs, who made a bundle with the APES, is producing TOPPER RETURNS for TV starring Roddy McDowall; and he's also preparing BEAR & I for the tube (about a talking bear). Shades of "My Mother the Car" and "Mr. Ed"!

COLD WAR IN A COUNTRY GARDEN is described as a futuristic James Bond. . . All evidence shows that AIP is grooming Robert Quarry (of COUNT YORGA fame) as horror star of tomb-morrow. Under a five-year contract, he's co-starring in DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN with Vincent Price. AIP has also scheduled DEVILDAY: a horror film actor who plays people as a side-line. . .Peter Cushing and Chris Lee combine forces in DRACULA A.D. 72 from Hammer. It may also be titled DRACULA TODAY. . . Look for black actors to assume major horror roles. Two films finished are BLACK DRACULA, and BLACULA

Sensuous spooks can be seen on screen in COUNT DRACULA. VAMPIRE, which, hopefully, won't be obscene. . . The comics come alive in the animated musical, THE WEIRD ADVENTURES OF MUTT & JEFF & BUGDOFF. . .

Jimmy Sangster directs FEAR IN THE NIGHT from Hammer with Judy Geeson, Joan Collins, Ralph Bates and Peter Cushing. . . William Shatner stays with fantasy in A WHALE OF A TALE. Bill was last seen in the ABC-tv film THE PEOPLE.

NBC is preparing a four-hour version of DR. FRANKENSTEIN, to be seen on two nights.

The imagination film fen's biggest friend is George Pal whose film wizardry has always had a special effect on all of us. Pal recently purchased 181 novels featuring DOC SAVAGE of 1930's and 1940's fame. Pal's first film in this genre will contain elements from at least six of the books and titled DOC SAVAGE: THE ARCH-ENEMY OF EVIL. Additional films will be made and a tv series slated if there is continued interest. Star names will be cast for the many villain roles. Gimmicks and special effects will replace any sex and violence as Pal is looking for a G rating. His THE DISAPPEARANCE by the late Philip Wylie is now before the cameras. Pal has also gotten rights to THE INCREDIBLE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF THE ROCK, to be published by Random House.

Arthur P. Jacobs' CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES is his next big bananze. The story opens in 1983 when baby Milo is ten years old, cared for by Ricardo Montalban. The ape is masquerading as a freak named Caesar Of The Circus. Readying for 1973 release, it will only be last of the series if the public (or boxoffice) tires.

Known as a sleeper, WILLARD did business almost equal to BOND. Those who bit their fingernails in the balcony while watching 500 rats will be bouncing from the rafters seeing 1,000 of them in the sequel, BEN. Moe Ol Sasso, wildlife expert, trained the ravaging rodents very carefully. Interestingly, Bing Crosby produced it.

If the public will pay to see small creatures featured, then they should welcome a musical with this theme. The result is THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN with Donald Pleasence, Jack Wild and Diana Dors, plus a pack of 200 rats worth more than $7,000. This won't be exactly for the kids, since the adorable Dors will be a bit gnawty along with the rats.

The countdown continues as the following titles ring familiar bells: SON OF BLOB by Jack H. Harris, THE RETURN OF COUNT YORGA, RETURN TO WUTHERING HEIGHTS (from AIP); and return of the classics in new guises in:

DR. JEKYLL & SISTER HYDE (Hammer); LADY FRANKENSTEIN, with Joseph Cotten, where the daughter returns from medical school to mingle with the sinister, HANDS OF THE RIPPER (produced by Aida Young), and along the way:

VAMPIRE HAPPENING; THE CREEPING FLESH; HORRIBLE SEXY VAMPIRE; KILLERS OF THE CASTLE OF BLOOD, LEGACY OF BLOOD (with John Carradine, Faith Domergue and Jeff Morrow), BLOOD FROM THE MUMMY'S TOMB (Hammer, with effects by Tom Howard). And. . .THIRST OF BARON BLOOD (with Jos Cottan, dir. by Mario "Black Sunday" Bava).

It seems that WHATEVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?, HOW AWFUL ABOUT ALLEN, and WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HELEN have resulted in WHO KILLED MARY WHATSERNAME, with Red Buttons and Alice Faytan who is known for her miserable meatballs in Alka Seltzer commercials.

BUSTER CRABBE DEPT.

Probably the "sequel" to make you flip is a loose remake of the Crabbe classic, FLESH GORDON. Yet it appears this will not be porno' inclined as Jim Danforth is designing the special effects.

Buster Crabbe, by the way, is now 64, in excellent shape and a New York stockbroker (and still makes films). Says Crabbe:

"I have fond memories of my days as FLASH GORDON. Lots of actors I know would shun the memories of being an adventure star of those days. They probably think it's corny. But let's face it. That series did a lot for me. And even though I say it myself, I was a lot better actor than people gave me credit for. I didn't make it like a Gable or a Boyer. But I wonder what would have happened had things been different?"

[Buster needn't worry. I'll "say it" for him; and Phil, and many others whose opinions are greatly respected, agree unanimously, including William K. Everson

Buster Crabbe IS among the greatest! — CTB.]

Universal's FRENZY will be the 52nd film for 71 year old Alfred Hitchcock. Jon Finch, Barry Foster and Anna Massey head a cast which is basically unknown. The story involves a former R.A.F. pilot accused of a series of murders, including his wife's. It's based on the novel, "Goodbye Picadilly, Farewell Leicester Square" by Arthur Labern. Says Hitch: "What I look for in planning a film are the opportunities for suspense and involving an audience. It's tremendously satisfying to be able to use cinema to achieve a mass emotion. This is what I attempt to do. Critics don't bother me. They didn't like PSYCHO twelve years ago and now they call it a classic."

Don't overlook HAUNTED SUMMER (the lives of Mary Shelley and Lord Byron); GORE GORE (with Henry Youngman); NIGHT OF THE DAMNED (in two versions: one sex, the other horror); IMAGES (a modern gothic horror tale by Robert Altman of M*A*S*H); GALLERY OF HORRORS, and JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF TIME.

THE INCUBUS RITUAL concerns a young art student in the 1920's who finds the ultimate in spiritual and physical

beauty in a supernatural hotel which comes to life every 25 years. . .ZORA has John Carradine and Patrick O'Neal uncovering an ugly and wall-kept secret in a small town. . . THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH is penned by Walter Tevis who wrote "The Hustler." Set in New York and the Tannessee mountains, it involves an extra-tarrestrial who quickly amasses a huge fortune by acquiring patants on revolutionary inventions in ordar to create a vessel to bring his dying species to earth.

A mother and daughter conspira to murder the head of their family in CRUCIBLE OF HORROR with Michael Gough. . . .INFERNAL IDOL is about witchcraft and ritual murder taking place on the famous London King's Road, produced by Herman Trog Cohen. . . Two old ladies find a monster in their basemant in BEAST IN THE CELLAR, not based on a best selier

Up & Coming: THE CURSE OF THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN. . .TWILIGHT PEOPLE. . .HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES (AIP). . .SINKING OF THE JAPANESE ISLANDS (Daiei); NIGHT OF THE WITCH (a possessed New England collega girl is accused of several killings); CHILDHOOD'S END (Arthur C. Clark novel about spacemen who attempt to straighten out the mess on earth); And THE MONSTER MAKER (screenplay by that MARVEL-ous man, Stan Lee).

Disney has slated NOW YOU SEE HIM, NOW YOU DON'T: about collega students who learn the secret of invisibility. Casted are Joe Flynn, Jim Backus, Caesar Romaro, Kurt Russell and William Windom (Windom was wonderful in ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES and NIGHT GALLERY'S "They're Tearing Down Tim Riley's Bar"). While Disney is preparing the full length animated ROBIN HOOD, a few other cartoon features are on tha drawing boards. THE WORLD OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSON is being produced by Chuck McCann who did & starred in THE PROJECTIONIST. . .FRITZ THE CAT, the first X-rated cartoon, is now out and loosely based on the Robert Crumb character from the underground "head" comics; contains sex, political satira and relevancy. The company has also acquired rights to DICK TRACY and will animate this too. . .Hanna-Barbera plans an animated feature based on E.B. White's fantasy CHARLOTTE'S WEB... .Finally, a live action series based on the comic strip ARCHIE.

Joh Ashlay sells his soul to the devil in BEAST OF THE YELLOW NIGHT. . . A young couple spends a chilling weekand in tha desert with a female vampire in the re-issue of DAUGHTERS OF DARKNESS (released last yaar & orig. titled "Devil Is A Woman" before distribution).

And More: CREATURE WITH THE BLUE HAND. . .GAMERA VS. GUIRON. . . HARMONIA (traces mankind from creation to 2000 AD in a new animation process called Cinedelic). . .APPOINTMENT WITH LUST (vampires). . .THE CULT. . .ISLAND OF THE BURNING DAMNED (Christopher Lee, Peter Cushing, about unknown heat from another planet threatening earth).

Irving Wallace's novel THE MAN is being made for tv with James Earl Jones portraying the first black President of the USA. Rod Serling wrote the screenplay. A color transparency of the White House, enlarged in the studio as a background, cost ABC $4,000. Rest of the cast includes Burgess Meredith, Lew Ayres, Barbara Rush and, again, wonderful William Windom. . .Serling continues on as host of his own series, NIGHT GALLERY, for tha 1972-73 season.

GONE But Not Forgotten: Michael Rennie, 52, star of THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL, THE LOST WORLD, and THE POWER to name only a few. August Derleth, 62, author of more than a hundred books, especially those dealing in Lovecraft's type of supernatural eeriness. John W. Campbell Jr., 61, SFantasy editor and creator of WHO GOES THERE, which was filmed as THE THING. William Thompson, 59, radio actor on "Fibber McGee and Molly," and voice for many Disney charcters including the white rabbit in ALICE IN WONDERLAND. Ub Iwerks, 70, Disney's chief cartoonist and the man who helped create MICKEY MOUSE. Winner of 2 Academy Awards in 1959 and 1965 for technical contributions. His most recent project was the Haunted House exhibit at Disneyland.

THE NOREASCON: What can you say about a middle-aged man who raads CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN at the 29th World SF Convention in Boston, except· Thank you, Forry Ackerman. Cal Beck and Forry had a number of photos taken posing with each others mags (photos which we wanna run but are temporarily misplaced), were seen at various times talking shop and involved in many friendly chats Nica seeing two of the best guys together. Chris Steinbrunner, George Stover, Steve Vertlieb, Mark Frank, Ron Borst and Jim Whoroski ware among the other celebritias along with numerous SFantasy authors. Special thanks to the Con's film committee that ran films for almost 24 hours a day, four days in a row Also, a salute to the manufacturer of No-Doze.

FANZINES Of RELEVANCE

FAMOUS FANTASY FILMS ($1.00), Philip B. Moshcovitz, Box 1410, Main P.O., Boston, Mass. A new dimension in the Cinemacabre as THE HOUSE OF WAX and FORBIDDEN PLANET unfold before your eyes. Read how these classics were captured by camera. Many rare photos in this first Collector's Edition at no extra cost. FAMOUS FANTASY FILMS is the only magazina placed in hermetically sealed plastic envelopes insida the corner stone of Count Dracula's Castle. Also included were the Ten Best Rod Serling tv commercials.

BLACK ORACLE (3 issues $1.00), George Stover, Box 2301, Baltimore, Md. 21203. No. 5 contained correspondence from Peter Cushing and a discussion of INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS. Very fine quality publication. George is immortalized in the song, "Stover the river and thru the woods. . ."

FALLING FOR THE STARS ($4 per year), John Hagner, 15701 E. Ave. M, Lancaster, Calif 93534. Aimed at the action audience, it hits its targat with fascinating facts and pies of the men whb risk their lives to keep you on tha adge of the seat. Of special interest, the article on the Stunt Museum containing costumes from a number of serials.

SPECIAL VISUAL EFFECTS CREATED BY RAY HARRYHAUSEN ($1.00), Ernest Farino Jr., 3030 Ellen St., Irving, Tex. 75060. The bast ever published on that miniatures & spci fx man, Ray Harryhausen. Man, many stills. Second issue davoted to JASON & THE ARGONAUTS. Get it while it lasts.

FANTASTIC WORLDS (David Soren, 38 Rue Ali Belhaouane, Kherridine, Tunisia. Anyone who can print a shot of the Statue of Libarty scene from PLANET OF THE APES, and get an exclusive interview with Hammer's own Michael Ripper has a good thing going. Printed in English and on top of the film scene.

PHOTON ($1.00), Mark Frank, 901 Avenue C, Brooklyn, NY 11219. No.20 had a fantastic article on Zombies in the cinema, researched by Ron Borst (the original Borstal Boy) plus a nice interview with Lon Chaney. A leader in the fantasy film field; printad on glossy paper.

THOSE ENDURING MATINEE IDOLS ($1.00), Robert Malcomson, 39559 Asbury Park Dr., Mt. Clemens, Mich. 48043. No' 11 unmasks ZORRO and recalls many other fina serials. Exceptionally printad and warmly recommandad.

THE NEW CAPTAIN GEORGE'S WHIZZBANG (35¢), Peter Harris, 594 Markham St., Toronto, Ont., Canada. A combination of comics, radio, pulps, and films (Charlie Chan, Moto, etc.) makas this one heliuva buy.

COMIC CRUSADER (50¢), Martin L. Greim, Box 132, Dedham, Mass 02026. While basically a comic publication, it also delves into film like FLASH GORDON on the screen (issue No.11) with a detailed synopsis plus many stills. A labor of love and a fine reference.

ERB-DOM ($3.50 per year), Caz Casedesus Jr., Box 550, Evergreen, Col. 80439.

I EAT YOUR FLESH

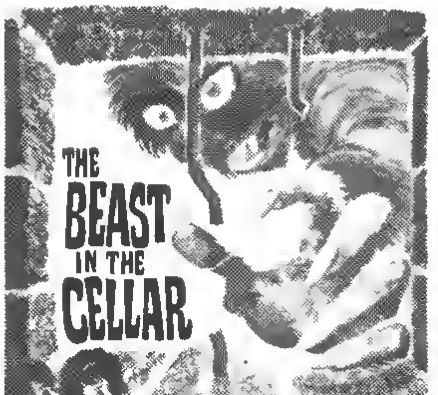
World's leading Burrough's publication. Also delves into other interesting SFantasy topics. Special issue on 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY still available.

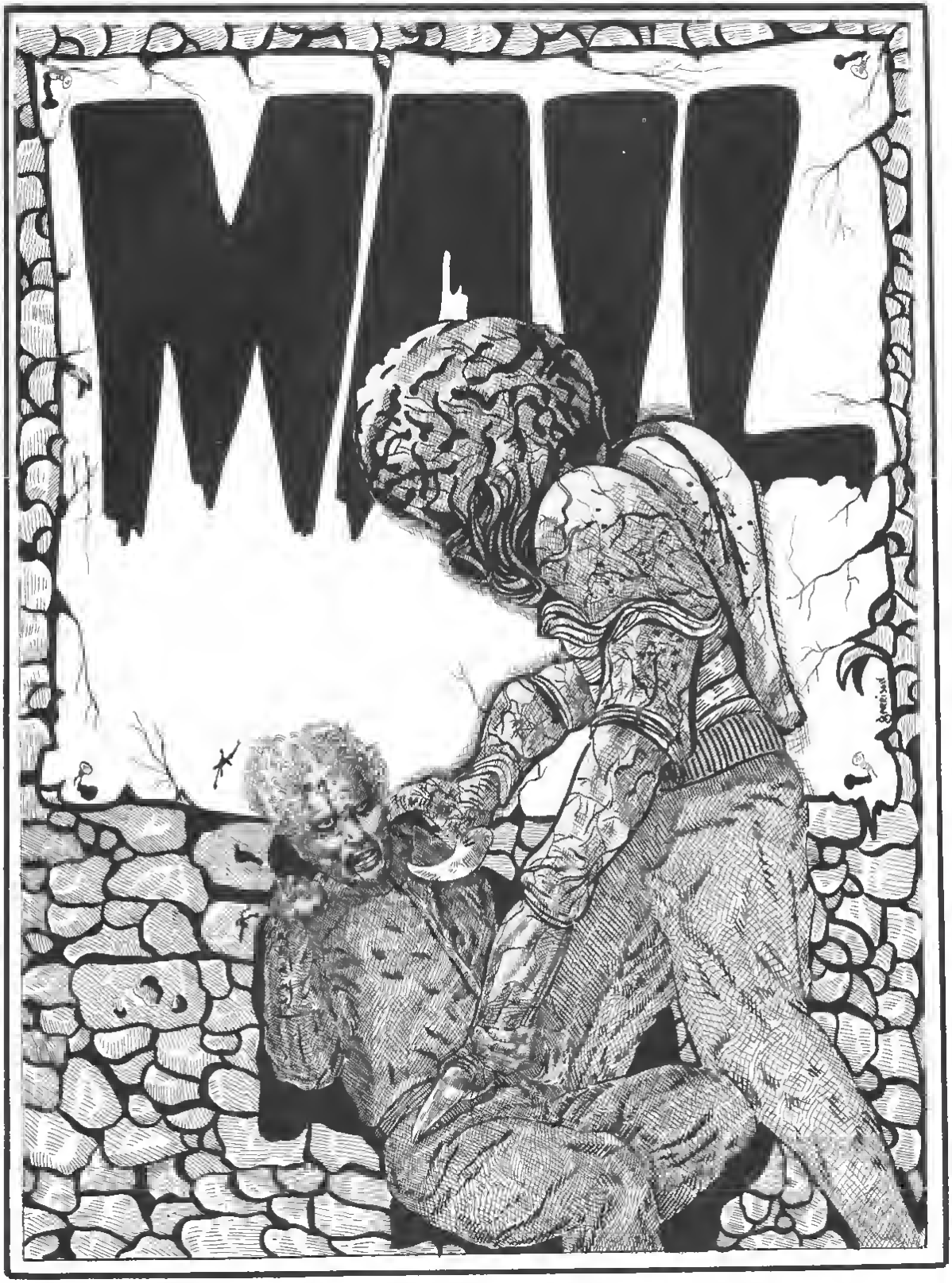
Especially Recommendad

L'INCROYABLE CINEMA (3 issuas for $2.50), available from Steve and Erwin Vertlieb, 1517 Banner St., Philadelphia, Penna 19149.

This is definitely IT; one of the greatest and a leader! Issue number 5 (now out) is typical of LIC's quality with articles and departments on British and European SFantasy filmaking. Most notable, a detailed and rare interview with Ray Harryhausen that tells things never known before about spci effects and tha great wonder man himself. As if that's not enough, a beautiful and sentimental article-interview with Peter Cushing. Not enough, y' say? (You must be kidding!). How about an article-interview with Chris Lee? And. . . ALL in one issue. Neatly printed on fina quality paper.

— Philip B Moschcovitz —




WILL

Letters

Address all mail to GOTHIC CASTLE PUBLISHING CO., 509 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017
Keep those cards and letters pouring in, gang!

FABULOUS MONSTERS OF WEIRDLAND

Dear CoF:

I am an ex-disc jockey in the Terre Haute area, "ex" because you don't use a government liscensed agency to criticize the government. I worked mainly with music and entertainment, but there are times when dead women and children are more important than even the Who. I worked with fantasy, donating free ad time to various fan pubs re-broadcasting old radio adventures, but I had feelings about people being abused.

I have long followed your magazine, and aside from the long distance between issues have enjoyed it immensely, and I must agree and throw my support behind your new "peace" policy.

It has always been fantasy that has been the aware and hip art form. How far away are we from Big Brother when the press is silenced, when the communication bands are shut down, when everything is being scrutinized by a government that inhibits social freedom?

Fantasy has been the crutch we lean on; it points out our weaknesses (Franju's BLOOD OF THE BEASTS, Cocteau's BEAUTY & THE BEAST, and ORPHEE, right down to Townsend's TOMMY and the rather mediocre and blatant ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES). This genre has been the watchdog howling away in the darkness, watching people terrorized by their ignorance, lame unknowing monsters destroyed by the masses because of their origins. SFantasy and Horror are the most direct comments on our social ills existing and I commend you and beseech you to keep on pointing out the attitudes and more latent meanings behind the films.

Finally— what will we see when some young girl pulls the mask off America?

David Cruz, RR 23, Box 49, Terre Haute, Indiana 47802.

Some young girl already did: her name was Allison Krause.—CTB.

MAX STEINER MUSIC SOCIETY

Dear Sirs:

I notice in CoF for October (no.17) that the Max Steiner Music Society has for sale scores on record from SHE, KING KONG, etc. You did not list the address, so I thought you might provide the information if I wrote in about it. I really would appreciate it very much.

John Hammond, 1075 Emerson Ave., Atlanta, Ga. 30316.

Last known address for the society. THE MAX STEINER MUSIC SOCIETY, Al Bender, Director, P.O. Box 1971, Bakersfield, Cal. 93303. —CTB.

EVIL KAN EVIL

Dear CoF:

As you know Horror films, even though they are about vampires, werewolves, witches, warlocks, etc., have as a basic theme the war between Evil and Good. I am mainly interested in the evil aspects of Horror films.

One aspect of this area really fascinates me: when the goodly person is hypnotically drawn or attracted to the evil being in the film. A case in point is THE WITCH MAKERS in which the warlock mentally draws the heroine into his evil web and makes an evil being out of her.

I am interested in how many readers enjoy watching Evil triumph over Good.

And the reasons why i enjoy it:

Sometime in your life you had to make a choice, you could not or would not change the path that you decided upon. What were the reasons behind your choice? Also, what is your definition of Evil? I am hoping that some of you readers will answer this letter and the questions in it.

I am very curious why some people deliberately court and seek out Evil and corruption of their soul. And I have this other question (you don't have to answer but hope you do): in what form does the Evil you live by take? Is there any comment on this letter by the Editors?

All of you warlocks, witches and just evil people who care to discuss your evil ways with me, please write to my address:

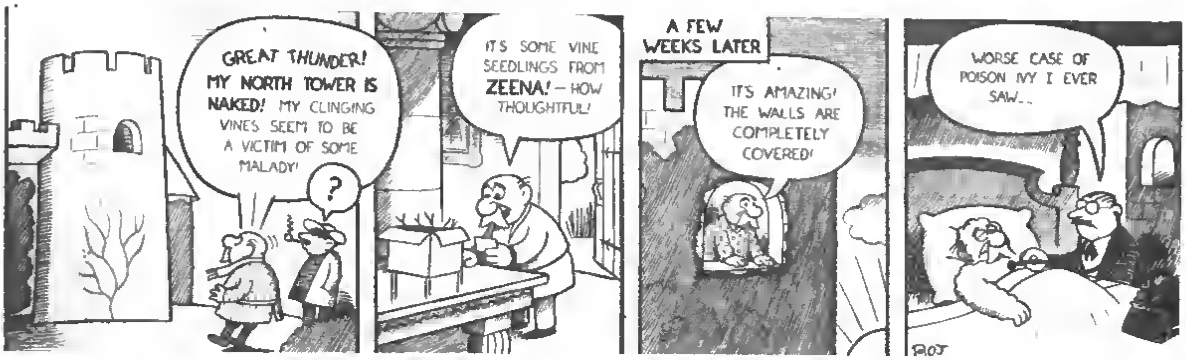
Mike Sanders, 891 D St., room10, Hayward, Calif. 94541.

For eons philosophers and other sages have described Evil or codified it in numerous ways. Original Sin, the human condition, the bad seed, "human nature," the Devil, and under many other occult headings. One of the many definitions we have come up with is when some local out-of-town mag wholesaler gets a load of CoFs from us for distribution, and cheats by holding back 50% or more in his warehouse by never distributing them.—CTB.

Continued

Baron von Bungle

BY RICHARD BOJARSKI



WHATCHA SEE IS WHATCHA GET

Dear Cal:

CoF No.16 turned out well as usual with the informative Robert Bloch interview. DORIAN GRAY coverage too brief, but nobody wants a reprint from a pressbook for an article—such as with THE VAMPIRE LOVERS. This excellent film deserved a bit more than one page, anyway. The "All Manner of Fantasies" reprint was superb, but I don't believe it is necessary for a dependable mag like CoF to resort to reprints—and I believe it is about the third time around for this one.

Your shots of Chaney's Wolfman transformation, as well as the pentagram photo, were originally printed in the defunct Monster Mania, so nothing new there. Keep printing the posters and newspaper ads from the films—they're most useful for those of us who paper their walls with magazine pages. Everson's article excellent with stills which I had never seen. COUNT YORGA article just another "filler" like VAMPIRE LOVERS. The Wrightson strip was poorly written, and the usually good Wrightson art looks terribly banal and depleted. His Eisner-Williamson-Frazetta touches are gone. What gives? News Dept., informative as usual.

In my opinion, you are terribly wrong about Marvel standing still while DC plods ahead. Marvel is generally more dependable than DC in both art and story content. The assets DC has over Marvel are Giordano's inking on Neal Adam's work, and deserter Kirby.

The only suggestions I have for improvement are more comix heads interviews, and bring back the Comic Book Council.

Derek. G. Bossert, 982 Laurel Court, Forest Park, Ga. 30050.

In response to a Presidential Inquiry on why we seem to print mostly favorable letters, after much digging and research we found the one above. Seriously or not, you're mostly wrong about "Manner of Fantasies." Only a small part had appeared in a very early issue. Re: Bernie Wrightson... in all fairness to his work, which continually improves, his A CASE OF CONSCIENCE was executed several years ago.—CTB.

VAMPIRE NEWS FROM HAWAII

Dear CoF:

On page 38 of the book "Films and Feeling," author Raymond Durgnat quotes a lengthy extract from a book "A Stake is a Stake" by Michael Caen (given in the bibliography as unpublished). A sample follows.

"What more can be said of Jack Asher's forests in BRIDES OF DRACULA except that they are more Gothic than ever Bram Stoker dreamed them? Or of the glasses and decanters in which liquors shimmer in all colours from crimson to crème-de-menthe. . .they contribute to the sheerly decorative richness a note of that baroque which is precisely the key to the Victorian era. . . .soft blues.....lyricize the sepulchral atmosphere."

Also, will you please print any (or all) reviews that STAR TREK has received in England (where it has been recently broadcast and has garnered a number of enthusiasts). Also, anything you might know about a "modern vampire story" called THE KOLCHAK PAPERS.

From Variety, Weds., May 12, 1971 (pp. 117, 161) the following:

". . .Hammer is belatedly going into merchandising, a 'natural' that somehow was neglected till now. Initially this calls for disks (albums of Hammer soundtracks), novelizations of horror scenarios for the paperback mills, and a posh hardcover coffee table book of classic Hammer stills. Also in the works is another hardcover item, a history of the company. All that, to be sure, is just for starters."

Any up-to-date information or your just keeping an eye on the above would be greatly appreciated.

Also, I understand there is a stereo record available called, I believe, "Great Movie Thrillers." Do you have any information?

Intelligent, interesting and profound comment is hard to come by in any magazine you pick off the newsstands today. I wish to commend you and your readers for your share in keeping this important facet of cultural life alive.

Linda Suzuki, 1160 Luewai St., Honolulu, Hawaii 96818.

*Possibility that KOLCHAK PAPERS may be the upcoming retitling of THE SARGASSO MANUSCRIPT (a Polish surreal film several years old that had virtually no distribution in the USA). Full title of the film scores album is, MUSIC FROM THE GREAT MOVIE THRILLERS (London Phase 4 Stereo SP 44126). Bernard Herrmann conducts the London Philharmonic in the **only** recording of the scores from PSYCHO, MARNIE, and NORTH BY NORTHWEST. Also, VERTIGO (available on another recording) and Herrmann's "A Portrait of Hitch" based on the TROUBLE WITH HARRY themes. It's a great record hidden behind a rotten title and jacket design, but it's all there.—CTB.*

THE CoF NEWSSTAND LEGION

Dear Sirs:

After reading your comments in CoF, I must admit definitely you're totally right. And there's no doubt about it either. There's not only a big monopoly but there is a lack of imagination, and ingenuity as well. Where is this? Films, books? No, Comic Books! You know, those magazines which clutter the news stands, and are finally sent back to the magazine suppliers, and distributors. These things have no originality at all; for instance, a writer has a new idea, however, at least a month later, another writer from a competing company will copy this idea, which means it will fade out, swiping of art styles from other artists, of this same company too! If you read one new comic, you wouldn't want to read another one.

Why do these things, without a spark of imagination, clutter the stands, and never get sold (they just vanish like air vapor). When you clear the empty spaces, from getting rid of these things, you'll see two more bundles take the space. Why, why must this happen?

Why do things like these comics clutter up the stands, when magazines like CoF are not even let on the stands for people, SFantasy fans, especially, to see. When you try the light headed clerk, he reply, "Oh, these horror things don't sell, comics do!" Keep in mind they have a vision of an "omnipotant" figure, e Dr. Fredric Werthem, perhaps, checking each individual store to see if they are clean cut, bluenose approved. Also, keep in mind that these same clerks have sex magazines, even though they go in the category of sex 'n violence, they are sometimes let alone to be sold, but do they sell! Wow!

I try to keep your magazine on the stands forever by buying doubles and triples of one individual issue. Why must this case against CoF be tolerated by fans of the realm of SFantasy. Why must your magazine be hindered while comic books be remained untouched.

Louis Henkan, 189-18 Crocheron Ave., Flushing, N.Y. 11358.

Continued


AND SINCE NO ONE GIVES A DAMN, YOU CAN EXPECT NOBODY TO SHOW UP AT THIS CONVENTION!
SURE... SURE!
33RD ST.


STALLER
INTERNATIONAL CONVEN
OF COMIC ART

The core of the whole problem is the disease that's affecting everyone today, responsible for polluting our planet, monstrous inflation and evergrowing cynicism about The System

Mass volume turn-over for fast-buck, immediate gain, and the hell with tomorrow! The whole country's been caught up in this malaise for more than 16 years, and it's a cancer without any imminent logical solution short of chaos being created were any attempt made to "normalize" our environment.—CTB.

A.I.P. POE BAN (CHEE!)

Dear CoF:

This may sound silly, but curious to the point of distraction and can't help writing this. In CoF 17 you had a short article on one of Price's latest films, CRY OF THE BANSHEE, and in all the posters and spread in your mag the idea seems to be generated that Edgar Allan Poe actually wrote "Banshee," or maybe a story with a different title that AIP filmed. Can you tell me the Poe story it was supposedly based upon?

Many congratulations on your terrific interview with Robert Bloch. The pictures were great, especially from PSYCHO. Have you any information on Hitchcock's upcoming FRENZY?

Sammy Shapiro, 639 D Melanie Court, Charlotte, N.C. 28205.

BANSHEE is actually based upon AIP's original studio biography, OUR BANK ACCOUNT —Or Poe's Dead Over 100 Years & Can't Do A thing About It. Hitchcock is notorious about keeping details of most of his projects under wraps till public unveiling. But what we already seem to have found is this little bit: FRENZY concerns a mass murderer who plies his trade around London wielding a nice little axe.—CTB.

PORTRAIT OF A CoF READER

Dear Sirs:

Enclosed please find check for 3 copies of CoF 12, 13 and for 2 copies of 15.

In case you may like to know who is reading your magazine and why: I am 34 years old, working on my masters degree, own my own business, married and have a family. I maintain a file on SFantasy films, complete with newspaper ads, stills and a critical review of the films dating back to 1930. My file is indexed by year, with each year divided into 3 sections: ads, critiques, and stills with commentary. In addition, each film is cross-indexed and cross-filed, so that, for example, any film with an ape in it is listed at least twice, and if that ape is giant it is listed 3 times, and if in addition the ape is also prehistoric it is listed a 4th time, and so on. One copy of each of your issues is a work copy which I cut up and insert into my files. A second copy of each issue goes into a library of magazines which I try to maintain current and complete. The 3rd issue is used for supplementary filing, miscellaneous records and general purpose reference. It normally takes me between 4 and 5 sittings to extract information and file away each issue of CoF. I usually spend between 2 and 3 hours at a sitting. In contrast, it usually takes me at most one sitting to extract information from Famous Monsters, and the other current magazine, For Monsters Only, runs very rarely over a half hour.

In closing, I enjoy your magazine very much, and find it extremely informative and very honest. Your interest in the SFantasy film seems genuine, and this feeling is communicated through your magazine to the reader. I find some things bordering on the objectionable, and sometimes feel you have not put in enough time composing each issue, but overall, I feel CoF is the best magazine of its kind in this country. No one else is even close.

Robert Campbell, P.O. Box 23, Tiverton, Rhode Island, 02878.

And about all the room there is for this round, but we're planning a larger Letters section—so, keep swamping us with mail at Letter Dept., GOTHIC CASTLE, 509 5th Ave., New York, NY 10017

"Pardon my being nosey, but. . ."

HEADITORIAL (cont. from page 5)

REVIEWS & REMINISCENCES

Very recently also on TV, FORBIN PROJECT brings to mind the surprisingly excellent ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES— rewardingly surprising in that sequels are rarely as good as originals; so, it's rather amazing when the 3rd generation seems to come off better than its predecessors (with a 4th one now being readied, APES falls into that rare boxoffice bonanza syndrome a'la the BOND .007 and CARRY ON series). What FORBIN and the last APES had in common was the wonderful Eric Braden, one of the best in our generation. Superb as hero of the former, he was great as the cold, ruthless villain in the 3rd APES, promising to fill in the painful gap left by the late and lamented Michael Rennie.

In LET'S SCARE JESSICA TO DEATH, the only ingredients of fright and suspense are gratuitous "scare" sounds, popping up unexpectedly without rhyme or reason, and the original $3.00 boxoffice tab when it originally opened (as a single bill yet! Wot nerve!). Those who've encountered the 1968 NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD (in full detail in this issue), and now all over the country in expanded re-release, and familiar with the much older CARNIVAL OF SOULS, will feel zapped and duped by this uninspired rehash. Minus the unforgettable gemlike poetic quality and quiet horror of SOULS and the nail-biting tautness and originality of DEAD, the climax of JESSICA also reeks to high heaven. Most of the work is all done via camera, compensating for lack of plot by tricky angles, unexpected zoom work, and Zohra Lampert's presence.

Undoubtedly one of the most attractive and talented young ladies, singlehandedly she's brought a stagnant screen to life.

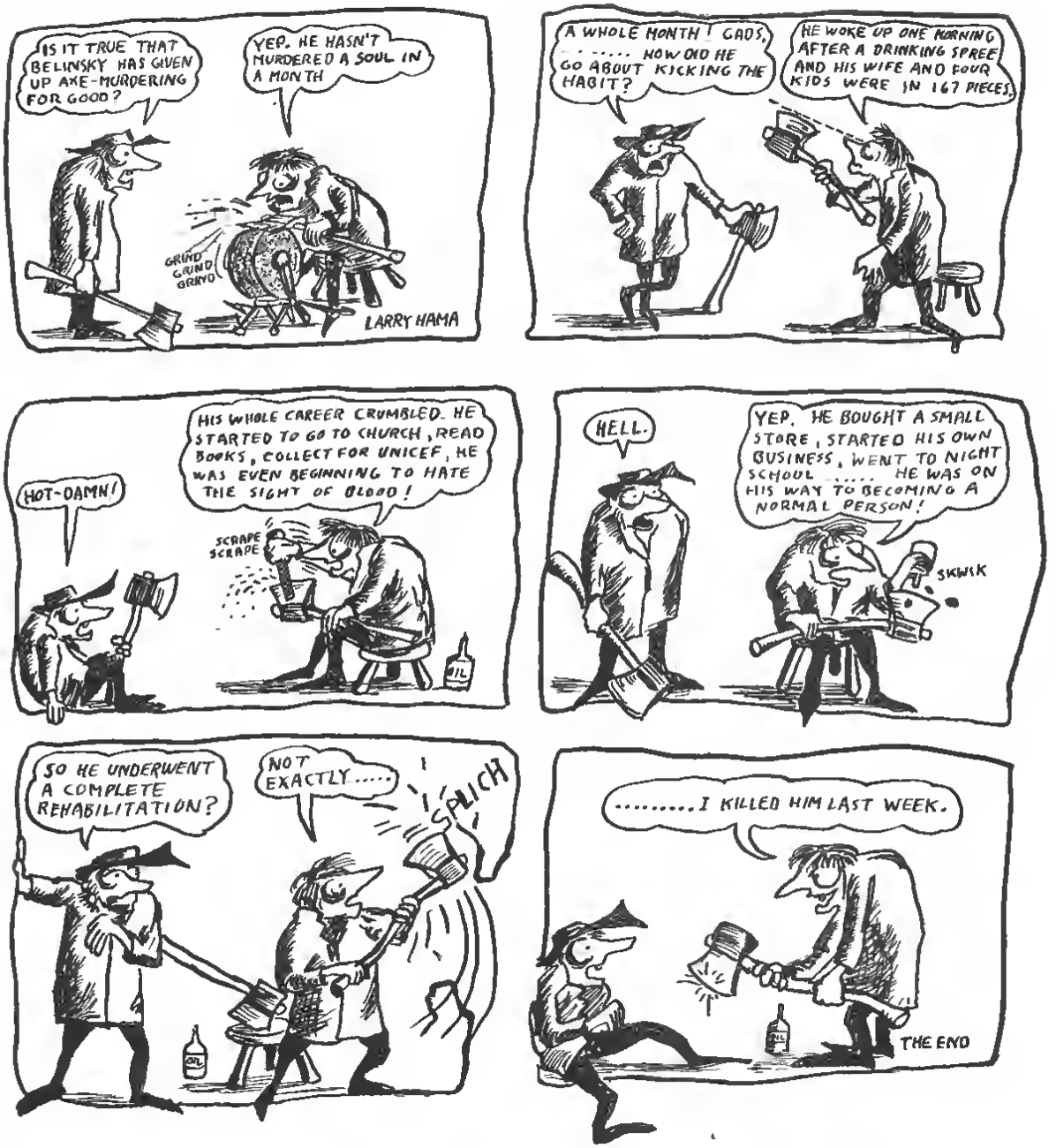
First noticed in Kazan's SPLENDOR IN THE GRASS ten years ago as a scene stealer (with underrated Pat Hingle), full stardom hasn't claimed her yet, despite some feature films, many TV-soaperas and bread-and-butter commercials. JESSICA must therefore be seen as a rare example of how an enormously gifted actress brilliantly survives production claptrap with honor and distinction.. A truly remarkable situation, but not too unlike the dogs that Karloff, Lugosi and many others dignified. Zohra Lampert: a name to remember.

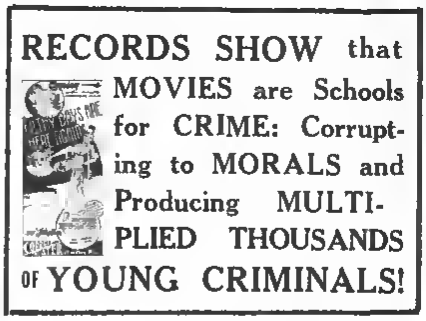
Social consciousness "messages" and incisive essays into relevancy have become an important part of all media and the film scene. But it's become a drag when it rants, raves and writhes all over the place, especially when fast-buck bustlers manipulate them into dull, juggernauting "entertainment. LITTLE MURDERS and PANIC IN NEEDLE PARK recently showed up on an economy double-bill and seemed worthy of checking out, especially since MURDERS is supposed to have a slight touch of SFantasy.

Unintentionally a horror film, NEEDLE PARK (Fox) is a pseudo-"now" New York-based production, sans any of the imaginative and unbelievable facts of

THE AXE-MURDERERS

LARRY HAMA





the city's environment. Humdrum location shooting around NYC's 72nd St and Broadway area, unrelieved grimness and boring examination of the, by now, better known aspects of the scummy hard-drugs "culture" drag on from lice-ridden park bench to filth laden tenements and alleys in turd inspired detail. Relying on capable Al Pacino (not only a low budget director's Dustin Hoffman but almost a spitting image), PANIC is synthetic, sleazy, unconscionably depressing and boringly gloomy. Perhaps where it succeeds most is in recresting the sordidly unimaginative two-dimensionality of humanity's lowest depths—society's algae. Just as real algae people are two-dimensional, so is the production due to its limited comprehension of this garbage can world; overlooked as if by determination are the patterns and hues of sundry environmental conditions that have served to create a living hell on earth. If only a small part of this were interjected, it would have, at least, toned down bland squirrel cage look.

Also from Fox, LITTLE MURDERS (Alan Arkin's directorial debut) almost seems afflicted with a flatness syndrome affecting some NYC-based productions like NEEDLE PARK. Rather than dealing with the scum of the lowest classes, MURDERS is preoccupied with the plastic "in-ness" and zombie'ish confusion of the middle-class tumors who personify the "backbone" of society. Unintentional or not, its delineation of the educated retards(who pass or pose as "urbane") succeeds to a degree of bringing on vomit, thus fulfilling part of Jean-Paul Sartre's theory of *existentialism*. And if we are to be deluded into believing this IS the overall human condition, the ultimate reaction must have to be one of suicidal despair!

Happily and fortunately, familiarity with author Jules Fieffer's usually shallow (though at times biting) cartoon satire over the past sixteen years proves how he's always had a problem in penetrating deeper beyond surface layers of man's mind,

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With the untimely passing of artist Virgil Finlay, editor-authors John W. Campbell Jr. and August Derleth, 1971 was not only the saddest, blackest year in the memory of the SFantasy world but virtually the end of an era. As one whose earliest formative years were quite affected by the presence of these immortals, I am planning an article or special dedication, hopefully for the next issue. Inadequate as this space is, let it suffice that there were only a handful of people who really put great spirit and endeavor behind the SFantasy movement. Finlay (example of his art above), Campbell and Derleth were three of its few leaders. Campbell was editor of ANALOG (formerly Astounding) more than 33 years, a fine writer in his own right (i.e. "Who Goes There?" adapted into the film THE THING). Derleth founded ARKHAM HOUSE in 1939, the best quality fantasy publishing company ever and responsible for making the world recognize H.P. Lovecraft and other greats. Death proves to be remarkably cruel, one's intolerance of it increases with fanaticism. We're all stunned but angry beyond belief at these losses! May these beautiful people meanwhile rest in peace.— CTB.

"Oh, dear, I can see you're in one of your moods again. . ."

soul and environment. Fieffer started out in the Fifties and didn't move too far with the times, it seems. (In some respects, ditto The Village Voice, Fieffer's point of origin.)

So— you don't have to start thinking of OD'ing or matching a sharp knife across the jugular for Fieffer's inability seeking out "cosmic" revelations, anymore than looking for great Truths in "Hi & Lois," "Blondie," or in "Peanuts." Comic strip creators aren't messiahs holding all the answers.

Based on Fieffer's original B'way play, probably more humor could have been milked out of contemporary chaos than the author's weak dredgings. Like, depicting the Mayor of a certain large ghetto city seeking the Mugger and Addict vote, succeeding in banding and unionizing them together. Or, perhaps a scene with trainloads of "disenfranchised" unloading into a huge Instant Welfare Train Depot, converting Grand Central or Penn Station for such sequences.

Endless, "brilliant" plot possibilities. Following is the gist of one such possibility from a film treatment entitled:

UP AGAINST THE WALL
MOTHER FLOGGER !!

SCENE— Madame Bangjob's notorious House of Pleasure in one of Washington, DC's most affluent suburbs. In the most exclusive room of the House, two of the wealthiest political strategists, representing "special" Southern and Northern interests, are detailing some of their horrible plans

BEAUREGARDE BILBOE: Son, I'll tell you, that is, I'll tell you exactly, son. We all keep on shipping 'em up to you by plane, train or truck load. You keep on passin' out that Instan Welfare, or whatever, and turn 'em on with those heroin packets and needles through your, er, ah, "connections— a multi-billion dollar industry, I hear tell. In turn, you and your good friends keep supporting our Bills and, · ahem, er, our "legistlation.

GOVERNOR BULLION "BOSS" TWEEO: You mean, "legislation" like five billion dollars worth of arms aid to starving Mongolorabia and two billion dollars worth of trolley cars when they don't even know how to lay down tracks yet? Manufactured by one of your subsidiaries, of course.

BILBOE: You just ain't whistlin' Dixie, son! Meanwhile, as we keep on shipping them up, more an' more of the well-heeled snowbirds will just keep on gittin' the hell scared out of themselves and skeedaddlin' outta town. I understand new banks go up in the suburbs like mushrooms, handling tons o' new mortgages and credit accounts. Har, har, hardy ho-ho-ho! An' car companies never had it so good. Of course, roads are so jammed that y' can't drive much anymore. . .

TWEEO: Oh, that's all right—right now me and a bunch of the "boys" are working on a Pneumatic Tube plan of the future. Tubes of all sizes that'll carry people, food, anything, back and forth, including a do-it-yourself Home-to-Cemetary burial plan. Eventually Pneumatonics Cable Mediaramics and Cassette Robotics will take over. Today America— tomorrow the World!

BILBOE: You mean, through super conglomerization, right? But what about present big utilities, phone companies and other monopolies?

TWEEO: Well, they're all gradually merging together and will run everything under the sun.

BILBOE: You all don't think there'll be any problems with the Anti-Trust laws or a new troublemaking President coming in?

TWEEO: You kidding? The Government is the conglomerates subsidiary. As for any troublesome President, wether a candidate or in office. . .Remember what happened to Lincoln and the Kennedys, eh!

BILBOE: What'll happen if the people start gettin' uppity?

TWEED: Always a potential problem, of course; but so far we've never failed keepin' them confused and throwing them off the scent. You know— more media emphasis on mindless distractions, so-called sports and mind-rotting entertainment. And if that doesn't work, we'll start a small-scale war or two, or make a couple A-Bomb tests and have one of our boys announce through the President's Cabinet that China or Russia, or someone, is stepping up the armaments race. Really doesn't take much to start confusing things and getting everyone uptight.

BILBOE: An' we all continue on our side down here, doin' all we can.

TWEED: Right. Everyone doing his bit for the good of the country and rest of the world.

BILBOE: Our kind of world— ho, ho, ho! Okay, I'll have to go back to my office, an' before suppertime we'll take care of another couple of trainloads of the "alienated" for your drug addict farms in the Big City. Won't you join me—I just got this special case of Goon's

(Cont. on p. 58)

LUST FOR A VAMPIRE might have been a winner if the plot wasn't so familiar. . . for perhaps the umpteenth time (Further details on p. 58)— Below: Michael Johnson as Richard Lestrange & Yutta Stansgaard as Mircalla (or Carmilla) in fangs for the mommery

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14

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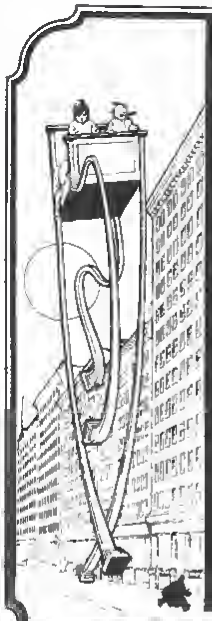

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FRANKENSTEIN MONI-REVIEWS

ANDROMEDA STRAIN, THE (127—Univ—1971). Reactions from all over have been mixed, ranging from the negative to the positive on this opulent, high-budget adaptation of Michael Crichton's puffed up best-seller of science fiction cliches (virus from space), directed by Robert Wise (DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL, THE HAUNTING). Exciting climax with computerized laser beam blasting at only person with key to turn off the self-destruct and an intriguing bit of search through microscope for alien life. Attempts to show what scientists are "really like"... but why do it with a plot straight out of the Fifties films? Arthur Hill, David Wayne, James Olson, Kate Reid, Paula Kelly. Panavision, color. G.

THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS (91 min—Univ—1971). Interesting, offbeat film with George C. Scott as an eccentric paranoid who dresses like and thinks he is Sherlock Holmes, assisted by his psychiatrist (Joanne Woodward) who's of little therapeutic help since her name is Dr. Watson. Jack Gilford, Lester Rawlins, and veteran radio star Staats Cotsworth in small role. Color. G rating.

BAREFOOT EXECUTIVE, THE (96 min—BV—1971). Trenchant satire regarding television business has chimpanzee who picks shows that will get top ratings. Would've been excruciatingly funny if fantasy premise of monkey in top tv job didn't seem so frighteningly true (see THE LOVE MACHINE). Kurt Russell, Joe Flynn, Wally Cox. Color.

MRS. POLLIFAX—SPY (110 min—UA—1971). Spy satire made in 1969 and recently released. In 1963 we might have been interested, but even Roz Russell's effervescent qualities help little to uplift this typical spy & comedy chase mystery.. Darren McGavin, Nehemiah Persoff. Color.

THE HELLSTROM CHRONICLE (90 min—Wolper—1971). Hoary SF film cliche: giant insects take over—given new life and plot twists with intimate views of insect fight for survival plus much speculation as to whether their powers are ultimately greater than man's. Music by Lalo Schifrin. Color.

THE OTHER MAN (120 min. with commercials—ABC-TV—1970). Outstanding performance by Joan Hackett in this made-for-tv production as a neglected wife begins an affair with playboy (Roy Thinnes). Blinded by love, she fails to see she has walked into a VERTIGO-like situation. Filmed at Big Sur. Tammy Grimes, Arthur Hill. Color.

VANISHING POINT (107 min—Fox—1971). Kowalski (Barry Newman) eludes police as he drives at breakneck speed from Denver to California for entire movie, urged on by Super Soul, a blind black disc jockey, who follows Kowalski's route with combo of teletype and telepathy. Poor editing at climax doesn't keep this from topping the highly publicized ZABRISKIE POINT, which was essentially the same symbolic idea (free souls against the System). Lots of "soul music" and stunt work with cars. Cleavon Little, Charlotte Rampling, Dean Jagger. GP rating. Color.

NIGHT VISITOR, THE (102 min—UMC—1970). Laslo Benedek (THE WILD ONE) directed this excellent suspense film about a Swedish farmer, falsely accused of murder, who is sent to an insane asylum where he does go insane and then escapes to commit murder. Mancini score. Max von Sydow, Trevor Howard, Liv Ullman, Per Oscarsson. Color.

WAR BETWEEN THE PLANETS (90 min—Fanfare—1971). Visually attractive Italian SF directed by Anthony Dawson (Antonio Margheriti). Asteroid nears earth, producing tidal waves and bad acting. Jack Stuart, Amber Collins. Color. G rating.

THE WILD CHILD (95 min—UA—1970). Francois Truffaut (FAHRENHEIT 451) directs and portrays a doctor in 1801 who studies and attempts to civilize a 12 year-old boy captured in the forests of Aveyron, France. Overly clinical but effective nonetheless, and based on a true event: Bomba the Jungle Boy for real. Jean-Pierre Cargol.

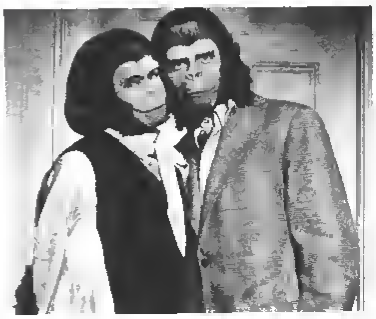
NO BLADE OF GRASS (96 min—MGM—1970). John Christopher's SF classic, brought to the screen by Cornel Wilde (THE NAKED PREY), is potent stuff. Ecological disaster and famine bring on street riots, gang rapes and mass evacuation from cities. Depicted in chilling plausible fashion (somewhat reminiscent of PANIC IN THE YEAR ZERO) with tagline, "This film could be a documentary." The real tragedy is that despite continual warnings by our SF prophets **no one** is really ready to accept the fact that The System is wiping us out. First time director Wilde does not appear in his own film as actor. And, ironically, the R rating means that the generation that might save us isn't even permitted to see Wilde's warning! Nigel Davenport, Jean Wallace, Anthony May. Panavision, color.

EL TOPO (122 min—Douglas—1970). A masterpiece! None must pass up any opportunity to see what is definitely destined to become a cinema classic. Brilliant interweaving of Biblical allegory, Zen parables and contemporary religious and sociological comment are all directed, written, scored and star 41 year-old Chilean Alexandro Jodorowsky (leading director of absurdist theatre in Mexico and former associate of Sam Peckinpah, Marcel Marceau and the French playwright of the absurd, Fernando Arrabel).
Briefly: Gunfighter Jodorowsky, clad in black leather, performs miracles, rape and castration in the desert. Then he encounters a former gunfighter who borrows his gun, shoots himself in the head and falls dead smiling as he says, "You lose." A mysterious and sadistic lesbian steals his girl and murders him. He is then resurrected, marries a dwarf, becoming street beggar in a small Western Sodom and Gommorah with plans to free the disenfranchised of the earth. All of this and more is intensely, emotionally moving, powerful. Some are unable to sit throughout film; others come back—and muddled reviewers like V. Canby (NY Times) are incapable of writing about it with much coherency. (TAR BABIES, Jodorowsky's first film, caused a street riot at the 1969 Acapulco Film Fest.) And large numbers return to watch EL TOPO again and again. Color.

A QUIET PLACE IN THE COUNTRY (109 min—Lopert—1970). Elio Petri's psychological ghost story pits a mentally disturbed pop artist (Franco Nero) and his mistress (Vanessa Redgrave) against the ghost of a nymphomaniac with excellent and chilling results. Color. R rating.

WALKABOUT (95 min—Fox—1971). Imagine if you will TARZAN, LORD OF THE FLIES, THE SUNDOWNERS and SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON all in one film! Director-photographer Nicholas Roeg follows teenage girl (excellently portrayed by Jenny Agutter) and her little brother (Lucien John, Roeg's son) as they wander lost on the Australian desert, eventually encountering aborigine (David Gumpilil) in a culture clash as potent as that in ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES. Superb editing by Antony Gibbs. Excellent score by John Barry includes excerpts of Karlheinz Stockhausen's apocalyptic "Hymnal." Producer Max Raab's best film to date. Color.

ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES (99 min—Fox—1971). Could easily have become a comedy, but fortunately all may rejoice. Amazingly, it is at least as good as the first and far superior to the 2nd in the series. Cornelius (Roddy McDowall) and Zira (Kim Hunter) along with Milo (Sal Mineo) arrive via time warp in 1973, tie up loose plot ends and become political prisoners. Many striking parallels with Robert Heinlein's soon-to-be-filmed STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND in chilling indictment of The System. With everyone dead, again this seems to be the end of the series (though a 4th one is now underway with a tv series in the offing), but there seems to be one helluva movie idea in the Ape Pre-History Revolution against humans described midway through the film. Good score by Jerry Goldsmith. Bradford Dillman, John Randolph, Ricardo Montalban, William Windom. Color.



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Farm Creme-de-Menthe I want you to sample.

SCENE Tweed and Bilboe in the lavish offices of a government office building, attended and surrounded by assorted flunkies and important Members of the Club.

Suddenly the large and heavy office doors open wide. In march Klattu, his super robot Gort, Mr. Spock and the rest of the Starship Enterprise's crew

SPOCK: Until you are all isolated properly in Mind Therapy rehabilitation, you may consider yourselves under arrest.

TWEED, BILBOE et al., *in one voice*
What in goddamn hell is the meaning of this?

SPOCK: This highly illogical state of affairs necessitated all of us getting it together, to put it in your idiom. Consequently, we've been penetrating the time barrier now for some time and have formed a Galactic Union for the escalation of man's consciousness and priceless immortality. Even Captain Kirk has benefited wonderfully with the changes that I and my colleagues have effected.

TWEED, BILBOE, et al.: But– but you're all supposed to be mostly from the future or something! This is some kind'a joke or a dream. It doesn't make sense!

SPOCK: Infinitely more sane and undream-like than your so-called world. And, WE'RE TAKING OVER! All other provocateurs and your friends have been meanwhile peacefully subdued via refinements on John Cabal's 'peace gas'through telekinetic emission.

Sensing your usual vibes of hostility from your direction, it is only fair to warn you that our phasers are set at 'stun.'

TWEED: I never realized it'd be like this some day. But we've always anticipated a take-over. I've just unleashed an H-Bomb warhead from a space satellite, and it'll wipe us all out in less than 60 seconds. Ha, ha, ha!

SPOCK: Negative. Robbie the Robot has just changed the warhead's molecular and atomic composition.

SCENE A huge piece of smell hard crap crashes through the skylight and lands in the middle of the room.

TWEED, BILBOE, et al.: Good heavens! What's that awfully smelly large piece of crap doing in the middle of the room?

SPOCK: Robbie was always one for a bit of risque humor. Any further arguments, gentlemen? And I use the euphemism loosely....

TV CHARNEL CHILLERS

Usually behind the times compared to worldwide film trends, TV started catching up with SFantasy recently, mostly thanks to ABC-TV, more "now" minded than all other networks put together. ABC has been unleashing more in the genre than we can remember, i.e. THE NIGHT STALKER and MADAME SIN to name a few.

Impact of NIGHT STALKER's rating was so fantastic, however, that it clobbered all competition the night it was shown. And won tremendous headlines in a February edition of Variety! Also reported by Variety is that this could be a big trend into TV-SFantasy, with NBC-TV proclaiming plans for production of a four-hour long version of FRANKENSTEIN to be shown over two evenings.

Unfortunately, Government and the FCC is currently putting on another one of its crying towels, pressuring TV to "cut down all that violence that is influencing young people to become violent." What influence this could have in castrating TV quality once again and hurting SFantasy? A lot! Unless someone can point out and yell loudly enough that social violence is inspired by frustration and the System's monstrous rip-offs (just reading about George Wallace and the ITT scandal could get anyone violent); that spirited, intoxicating and live-wire entrtainment is a catharsis, and could damned well be one of the few antidotes against much overt social behavior.

We could title this paragraph and the next: PEEKING AT PEKING, Or. I WONDER WHO'S KISSINGER NOW?

That is, we could if we wanted to start another crazy mixed-up department. But we won't.

While some made-for-TV SFantasy has ranged from fair to fine, a few have bombed. Ferinstance. . .to have seen EARTH II (ABC-TV) is to believe it. I mean, like, it was beyond belief. After all the trouble with the Ping-Pong at Peking, Kissinger's trips, followed by Nixon having authentic Chinese dinners (that some claim was nothing but word of Mao advertising), including official recognition of Red China as a UN Member, EARTH II nearly undid it all in less than 90 minutes.

Even if the plot's core were eliminated or ignored (villainous Red Chinese threaten everyone with an H-Bomb satellite and make noises about a possible WW III), not to be ignored is the cretinous opener:

Inhabitants of a huge space station in the near future wish to become a seperate nation, get full UN recognition and Membership.

The technical and overall special effects are, admittedly, excellent (even if they seem suspiciously like 2001 left-overs). But though elaborate and Kubrickian, the space station nation has an annoying Tinkertoy-Erector Set look; and hanged if I know of anyone with enough rocks in his head who'd call it "his country" and live there most of his life. Despite opulence and big-budget veneer, everything else went against EARTH II, including lack of suspense but almost inspired inertia.

One of the men in charge of production told us, "Well, it was made more than 20 months ago, and who could've predicted China back then. . ."

I told the man that even if he read comic books and never read a daily paper, one could "predict." Ignored was a very simple filmaking rule: when producing film, be sure it won't date fast and you're caught with your bank loans and pants down! Made 23 some odd years ago, it might've been excuseable, provided that audiences didn't fall asleep.

Shortly after, a real Earth II was unveiled on NBC-TV, JOURNEY TO THE FAR SIDE OF THE SUN. This was less than 2 years after unspeakably poor theatrical distribution.
A few shameful TV cuts, not to scare Ma & Pa Kettle-and-the-kiddies-at-home, somewhat diminished action-suspense, with some motivating scenes seriously marred (it should be seen intact on a theatre screen, as with any film, for total effect, of course). A very pleasant SF'er with an unusual fantasy twist, JOURNEY tells of the discovery of a new planet, hitherto unknown because of being always on the opposite side of the Sun in a fixed position, unlike other planetary movements which exposes them to observation. This other duplicate Earth is an exact double, down to one's own self, profession and environment. Based on the centuries-old *doppleganger* theme, whose roots go far back into early gothic romanticism, JOURNEY a gripping, decently directed production, with an excellent supporting cast headed by Herbert Lom and Roy Thinnes.

If I recently didn't, belatedly, re-discover Jason Robards in Peckinpah's wonderful THE BALLAD OF CABLE HOGUE, I would have permanently given up on him after his performance in AIP's current MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE. So far it's received mixed reviews, mostly negative I'm happy to say. Not even a patch on the grand old Lugosi version, MORGUE is directed under the uneven hand of Gordon Hessler, who has more often botched up films, though he surprised us all with the rather creditable SCREAM AND SCREAM AGAIN.

Late in '71 THE MAN WHO HAUNTED HIMSELF (Elstree) and LUST FOR A VAMPIRE had a brief NYC engagement, co-billed together. What sort of distribution both have had seems a mystery since no one we know out of town seems to have screened them.

MAN WHO HAUNTED HIMSELF stars Roger Moore in an interesting departure from the light melodramas and tongue in cheek image which stereotyped him in THE SAINT and, lately, in the disappointing, and cancelled, PERSUADERS series. As another version of the *doppleganger* theme, Moore is excellent in his double role, surprisingly more versatile than one would have guessed possible in the past.

The plot in brief: Narrowly escaping death after an auto accident, Moore undergoes surgery to save his life. While still under the knife, the surgeons discover two inexplicable heartbeats. Recovering, Moore returns to his position as an important corporate executive only to learn that "someone" is being mistaken for him. Eventuall, he finds himself enmeshed in a series of incidents where he is charged with having formulated agreements or appearing with certain friends on various occasions, although he is certain such events never happened. Beginning to doubt his sanity, he seeks psychiatric help and is advised that, perhaps, a too conservative lifestyle may be bringing on a nervous breakdown; that he should relax more and even change his clothing habits as a change of pace.

Thereafter, Moore does indeed discover his double self! By this time, his double has taken over his family and profession. In a highly charged and emotional climax, Moore is denied by friends and family and told the police have been summoned to apprehend him as a madman. The closing sequence finds Moore in a car being chased by his evil double. Careening over a bridge into the Thames, Moore drowns in the submerging car while the evil double watches from the bridge and gloats. Suddenly, Moore's drowning body starts to fade and vanishes; and at that precise moment an extraordinary thing happens to the double—clutching his chest, a searing pain grips his heart as he undergoes total transfiguration and turns into the original Roger Moore once again.

In this case, it's not so much the plot but unusually fine direction and production values, Roger Moore's presence complimented by top British actors. It's a return to a nearly vanished sense of style and mood that prevailed notably during Britain's golden filmaking days from the Forties to the Fifties. This is to be expected, for the director is none other than the wonderful Basil Dearden who, of several directors involved in THE DEAD OF NIGHT (1946), directed "The Christmas Party" segment and its most important story, "The Ventriloquist," starring Mich-

ael Redgrave. Some of the Dearden gems of the past: THE SMALLEST SHOW ON EARTH (of particular interest to any real film buff) and KHARTOUM, starring Charlton Heston.

Hammer's LUST FOR A VAMPIRE might be one of the studio's worst in its 17 SFantasy filmaking years. Probably the umpteenth version of J. Sheridan le Fanu's "Carmilla," nothing really new is added and something subtracted from this worn-out plot. Rather sex-slanted, with outstandingly beauteous Yutte Stensgaard, Hammer's rising star, Ralph Bates, is the focal point of whatever little there is that's intriguing in this unexciting rehash. Chris Lee lookalike, Mike Raven, seems impressing but mostly as a red-herring. And the wind-up is easily the film's trademakr: The Villagers once more march in, torches burning, and bring-an-end-to-evil-once-and-for-all. Handsome sets and fine production values do little to cut the boredom. Director Jimmy Sangster might have been too distracted by Miss Stensgaard.

There have been many varying opinions on Hammer's SCARS OF DRACULA and HORROR OF FRANKENSTEIN. Budgetary problems and rising costs have tied Hammer's hands through the years, forcing them to use faster production methods. At times it shows quite badly, as in LUST FOR A VAMPIRE (of course, some Hammers are made on much lower budgets and shot in less time, though it's hard to tell all of them apart). But I liked SCARS quite a lot, finding it almost a complete return to the gothic atmosphere and warmth of HORROR OF DRACULA and THE GORGON (examples of some of Hammer's best). John Elder's plot shows painstaking thought and work, not only restoring Count Dracula to some semblance of importance (after being shamefully subordinate in preceding versions), but carefully building up important supporting characters and a strong, interesting hero and heroine, all well directed by Roy Ward Baker.

Reconstructing all that can be remembered of HORROR OF FRANKENSTEIN, it is possible to bebeve that director Jimmy Sangster can actually do a whale of a lot better. Yet HORROR is filled with flaws that needn't be. Really a re-make of the 1956 CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN, Ralph Bates replacing Peter Cushing in the good Dr. F's role is, at first, a slight shock, but logical in that the story starts the entire series, apparently, all over again from the time young Victor Frankenstein goes to medical school. Enough of the inspiration and zest Hammer invested in its earlier years is missing; but several new wrinkles have been added. The most unusual one is that young Dr. F is now a cold-hearted, ruthless fiend; indeed, he's the real horror and "monster", thinking nothing of murdering his father for the inheritance, and his best friend for his gruesome experiments. ties of "black humor," but this is, perhaps, more over-zealousness and blind love for the genre than objectivity

A few have misinterpreted some of the film's crude moments of semi-comedy as "black" or "graveyard humor" of the first water, like a severed arm raising its middle finger in an obvious obscene gesture; or young Dr. F graphically itemizing body parts on an anatomical wall chart sectioned off like a butchershop meat chart visually describing where choice cuts are made from a steer. This is old Hammer "humor," though, with certain similarities at least as far back as REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN (1958).

— Calvin T. Beck —

Above: Chris Lee once more in his CoFfin in SCARS OF ORACULA.
Below: Ralph Bates as a young Dr. Frankenstein in HORROR OF FRANKENSTEIN and over 125 years in advance of the "head" scene.

Publications

COMIC CRUSADER ($1.00 for 2-issue subscription—Martin L. Greim, Box 132, Dedham, Mass. 02026). No. 11 is a special Flash Gordon issue with a long article by artist Mike Royer on the Flash serials plus art by Royer, Al Williamson, Dan Adkins, Joe Sinnott and others. Greim, who deserves some kind of special award for presenting original art by top comic professionals at a reasonable price, is an excellent artist himself. His superhero strip, The Defender, returns in issue No. 12.

WITZEND ($1.50 to Witzend, Box 177, Coney Island Station, Brooklyn, NY 11224). Now edited by Bill Pearson, a creative comic book editor of the first rank, No. 8 features a real rarity: a NEW graphic story by Frank Frazetta! Wally Wood brings his imaginative "World of the Wizard King" to a conclusion, revealing that the illustrated novelette is an "outline for an expanded version to appear in another form and another place." Ralph Reese's goofy characters go thru their paces in a nutty script by Pearson. Other work by Ditko, Dr. Seuss (from a '32 Judge), Bhob, Bill Stillwell, Nicola Cuti and John Richardson. Issue No. 9 will offer (@ $2.50) the definitive word on W.C. Fields, and No. 10 ($1.50) is Pearson's long-awaited "Profusely Illustrated," which he's been assembling for the past ten years. Nos. 5, 6, 7 still available at $1.50 per copy.

THE BUYER'S GUIDE FOR COMIC FANDOM (No. 4 — OynaPubs Enterprises, RR 1, Box 297, East Moline, Ill. 61244). Available "free to any interested person," with a circulation of 3500. If you've into old comics and new fanzines, then send 'em your name and address. Plenty ads for everything and also editorial ramblings, like. . . the following by Mark Evanier and Steve Sherman: "The recent statement in the annual issue of Calvin Beck's supposedly bi-monthly, mass-marketed fanzine, CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN, that DC should discontinue their war line at once, for they form the basis for the glorification of war. . . This statement seems to disregard the total atmosphere of these books. No one ever wins—war is not glorified but its existence is acknowledged and the emotional struggle of the men is portrayed, for nothing is to be gained by pretending none of it exists. Though many fans may not care for and seldom read the war titles (our co-columnist Steve Sherman for one), there are many fans who find them quite enjoyable and who are not merely war-mongers. . ."

A good fanzine; a seemingly intelligent staff. But— a naive rebuttal concerning our (and many others) insight into our Asylum Society. Fact is, even some of the staunchest so-called "liberals" beat around the bush and digress from the monstrous greed-and-profit motives behind nearly all "movements," finding it opportunistically expedient to avoid coming to the point: usually a life-or-death point. It's a hell of a lot easier to depict in films or comics the poor ripped-off soldiers and other victims of greed as being truthfully brave-and-heroic than to graphically delineate stories of socio-political conspiracies which have placed them in such positions. By that, we mean that rarely have media ever gone underneath the damp rock to extricate maggots eating up our world, such as the criminal psychopathia of top echelon executives as in KLUTE (depicting perhaps the most chilling possibility of executive mental disease in our society ever put on the screen); or the ramrod propagandistic tactics sending men to battle as in ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT; and the unconscionable dishonesty of high military officials (i.e. Kubrick's PATHS OF GLORY) by using others as scapegoats, or Kurtzman's brilliant insight in EC's TWO-FISTED TALES and FRONT LINE COMBAT. So, it's simply a matter of engaging in sheer tommy-rot fantasy when DC comics or any media pull back the reins on getting down to the nitty-gritty.

NEBULOUS (No.1. James Stewart, 5502 Fenwood Ave., Oxon Hill, Md. 20021). 45¢ per copy. Features front cover by Sal Buscema and Dan Adkins plus interview with Buscema. Also art by John Fantuccio, Steve Hickman and others.

SCREAM DOOR #1

SCREAM OOOR no. 1 ($1.00, Asian Flu Publications, 9118 Hamilton Drive, Fairfax, Virginia 22030. Features front cover by Wrightson and stories by Bob Juanillo, Seane Todd and Mike Kaluta. Also four full-pagers by Steve Hickman and an unpublished cover originally scheduled for Web of Horror.

GRAPHIC STORY MAGAZINE (No. 13, $1.25, or 4 issues for $4. Bill Spicer, 4878 Granada St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90042). This issue reprints Eando Binder's "Adam Link's Vengeance" from Spicer's first two issues and also reprints George Metzger's magnificent "Mal-ig" from the underground tabloid Gothic Blimp Works. A must-see! A 13 page SF tale in which characters communicate telepathically with symbols, proving once again that Metzger's understanding of comics as a medium is multi-levels above everyone else. Hames Ware lists pseudonyms used by comics artists, and John Benson interviews John Severin. Full color cover by D. Bruce Berry. Recommended!

PHASE (No. 1. $1 for one issue. Phase Magazine, 4314 Clarendon Road, Brooklyn, NY 11203). Comic stories by Neal Adams, Jeff Jones, Grey Morrow, Kenneth Smith, Tom Sutton, F. Brunner, Ernie Colon, Rich Buckler, Steve Fritz and Bill Stillwell. Full page illos by Adkins, Krenkel, Kelly, Wrightson and others. Full color cover painting by Steranko. 84 pages of all previously unpublished original stuff.

FLASHBACK No. 1: WOOD & EC ($1.00, OynaPubs, RR No.1, Box 297, East Moline, Ill. 61244). Allan Light reprints complete Wallace Wood stories from the original printed comic book page. Admittedly, there's something to this, for it now costs a fortune for the old comics! "Rescued" from March 1951 Weird Fantasy, "Deadlock" (based on Murray Leinster's "First Contct") from Jan. '51 Weird Fantasy, and the front cover of the March 1954 Weird-Science-Fantasy, a cover that Wood considers his best single piece of art for EC.

IMAGINATION no. 1 ($2.00. David Jablin, 138-06 78th Road, Flushing, New York 11367). A fine color cover by Gray Morrow starts off Dave Jablin's new comic-artzine with a bang. Included is some poetry and fiction, plus fine work by Berni Wrightson, Jeff Jones, Gray Morrow, Bill Stillwell's beautiful strip of fantasy erotica, Neal Adams.

@++*!!! 3 ($1.00 to Premethean Enterprises, 4160 Holly Drive, San Jose, Calif. 95127). Corben, early R. Crumb ("Silly Pidgeons"), reminiscenses of WEIRD TALES by Emil Petaja, Krenkel, George Metzger, Bob Zoell, Kenneth Smith and Wilhelm Busch's "Hans Huckebein" (reprinted in Sept. '56 MAD in less complete form but with translation). Tastefully group-edited, this artzine does not reflect the usual insularity of fandom in its pages...and, for that, our congratulations.

THE ROBERT KLINE PORTFOLIO ($2.25. 7263 Evanston Rd., Springfield, Va. 22150). 44 excellently printed pages of Robert Kline's great work, collecting together much of his fine artzine material from the past two years.

— Cal Beck —

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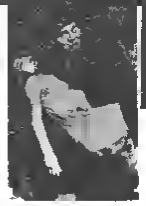

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COMIX

N.Y. Journal-American Saturday Comics. July 3 to Sept.26, 1942 (13 straight weeks in one bound volume)— very rare. The original color editions. Each section includes MANDRAKE, BUCK ROGERS, BRICK BRADFORD, KRAZY KAT, Hogarth's TARZAN, SGT. PAT OF THE RADIO SQUAD, & many others). Over 200 pages. **$250.00.**

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Robert Hartford-Davis' **BLACK TORMENT** is an average mismating of Gothicism and Victoriana. The handsome hero (John Turner) returns home with his second wife (Heather Sears). Follows a ten-minute introduction to the other characters: glowering blacksmith, crippled mute father, kindly sister-in-law, ambiguous friend of the hero who casts meaningful glances at the camera when he's alone. The torment of the title now ensues, the servants are raped and strangled, a woman in white prowls the grounds (reminding the hero of his late wife's suicide), the hero is accused of actions committed while he was miles away and the crippled old man is found hanging from the chandelier.

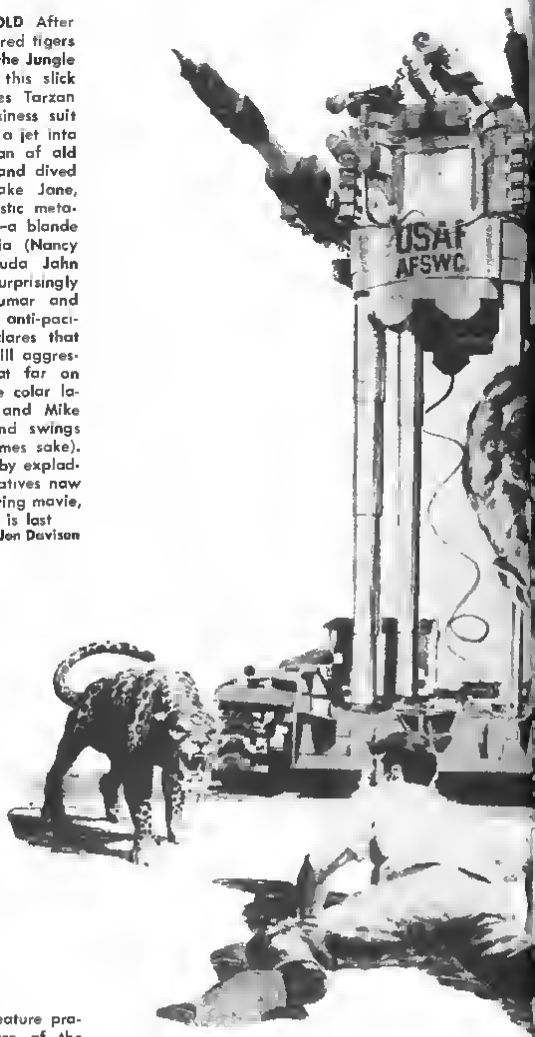
All very menacing . . . and it might have been suitably harrowing in the hands of a better director. But how can we become involved with a heroine who never exists as a person (mise-en-scene comes little worse than here) and a hero who lashes out with a horsewhip at innocent servants? The closing 15 minutes have a nightmarish air, even so, with Turner pulling a blanket from a figure in a wheelchair to come face to face with himself and Heather Sears strangled by the drooling maniac she took to be her husband. The denouement is risible: half the cast is credited with "brain fever" and the other half revealed as authors of a Diabolical Plot which makes **SCREAM OF FEAR** look likely. At least Otto Heller's photography makes the most of some fine sets. Worth sitting through for the hysterical climactic buildup.

* * *

TARZAN AND THE VALLEY OF GOLD. After a flashy set of titles with neon colored tigers the mood is set for **James Bond in the Jungle** which could well be the title of this slick jungle flick. In the opening scenes Tarzan (Mike Henry), wearing a neat business suit and carrying a briefcase, steps off a jet into a waiting Cadillac. Not the Tarzan of old we knew who wore a loin cloth and dived into a waiting alligator-infested lake. Jane, too, has undergone a equally drastic metamorphosis. She is now—what else—a blonde who goes by the alias of Sophia (Nancy Kovack). Even the music is pseudo John Barry. However, the picture is surprisingly entertaining with moments of humor and visual excitement. It even has an anti-pacifist message in which Tarzan declares that man sometimes has to fight and kill aggressors. All of which is quite a lot for an American International picture. The color location photography is excellent, and Mike Henry soon takes his shirt off and swings on a few vines (if only for old times sake). The alligators have been replaced by exploding wristwatches and the jungle natives now have tanks and helicopters. A diverting movie, but the charm of the old character is lost.

—Jon Davison

INVASION. A science-fiction B-feature produced by Jack Greenwood, source of the Edgar Wallace series of ingenuity for the ingenuous, is scarcely an attractive prospect. And indeed, the film turns out to be pretty much a failure as a genre exercise. The characters lack that clarity and single-mindedness essential to victims of alien invasion. When a party-goer driving on a lonely fogbound road knocks down a rubber-suited Oriental, his mistress wanders round in a sadly introverted little circle before suggesting that they should drive on. When a doctor is called up in the middle of the night to analyze the alien's blood, she returns to bed for a rest before driving to the hospital, and having completed the analysis she neurotically imagines herself the victim of a practical joke and argues viciously with doctor Edward Judd, thus wasting valuable time. One sequence follows the mistress of the car driver on a ride in a lorry long after she has ceased to be useful to the narrative. And this is just the point that makes this surely the most realistic sf film so far. Should aliens invade, human preoccupations will intervene between the situation and its victims to a point where apathy becomes terrifying, and when the aliens have gone life cannot be expected to stand still. Indeed, even the aliens are preoccupied and ambiguous, they do not want to harm the natives, but their mission must take precedence. At the climax, when the escaping prisoner is destroyed, the



blood specialist (Valerie Gearon) is heard to remark that she prefers bug eyed monsters. Not a totally unfair comment, and an example of the film's unrelenting fidelity to its characters. For example, when escaping a force-field, Edward Judd has to crawl through the sewers, he yells with painful shock just as loudly as would you and I as he jumps into the stream. This is not to say that the film does not abound in brilliantly strange incidents: the opening shot of the aliens in a burning glade full of flecks of ash, the shattering shock effect as the force-field's tangibility is discovered, or the extraordinary moment when, viewed through an alien's eyes, the objects in a nurse's room—a book, a biscuit on a plate—take on an impenetrable mystery. But perhaps the most disturbing sequence is that in which Valerie Gearon questions the bed-ridden alien and, knowing his fear of women, dominates him, invoking all the terrors of sexual conflict. Borrowed perhaps from a similar scene in Heinlein's "Stranger in a Strange Land," this is more disquieting than a spaceship-full of bug-eyed monsters.

—J. Ramsey Campbell

TANGENT

Illustration by Neal Adams

FRANKENSTEIN CONQUERS THE WORLD. Having never forgiven the U.S. for Hiroshima, the Japanese persist in exporting junk radios and bad movies. This is one of the worst. Originally titled **FRANKENSTEIN VS. THE GIANT DEVILFISH,** the picture is being shown minus the devilfish footage (although the fish appears in the stills). This may be a blessing, although it is hard to imagine how it could be worse than what remains. Nick Adams, as inept as ever, spouts the worst lines in recent cinema history. Blue lines fly right and left as badly matted miniatures collapse in hysterical, overacting, multitudes. Somehow Frankenstein's heart has survived, and a little hungry boy eats it, he grows to gigantic proportions . . . and then the fun begins. Nick Adams, an American with a heart as he came to Japan to help the atomic bomb victims, pleads to save the monster in the interest of science.

Frankenstein does live long enough to battle a ridiculous Godzilla type dinosaur with a luminous horn. Alan Resnais may love Hiroshima; but that's because he doesn't watch Japanese horror movies.

—Jan Davison

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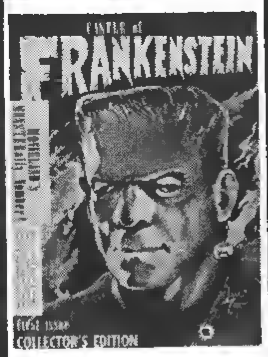
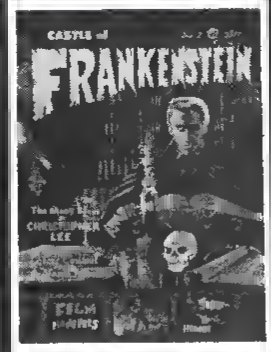


#1

—SPECIAL COLLECTOR'S EDITION—THE MUMMY THROUGH THE AGES; THE BORIS KARLOFF STORY; picture-stories on TIME MACHINE, WOMAN EATER, JACK THE RIPPER, SEVENTH SEAL, PIT AND THE PENDULUM, FRANKENSTEIN 1970, TINGLER, GIANT REHEMOTH, MYSTERIANS, ALLIGATOR PEOPLE, DARBY O'GILL AND THE LITTLE PEOPLE, HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES and HAVE ROCKET WILL TRAVEL; Portfolio of monster cartoons, TV JEEBIES; Japanese monsters, BRITISH HORRORS

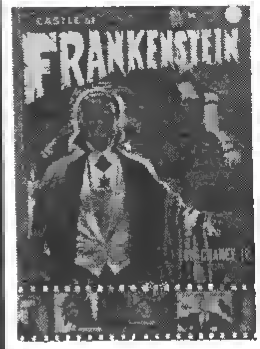


#2

—VAMPIRE—a 6-page horror comic story written and illustrated by Larry Ivie, THE MANY FACES OF CHRISTOPHER LEE, picture stories on remakes—the 1957 HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, the 1962 PHANTOM OF THE OPERA and the 1962 CABINET OF CALIGARI, American-International hits; EARLY YEARS OF FRANKENSTEIN, a screen history plus analysis; Larry Ivie on super-heroes—THE DAY MEN FLEW, Charles Collins on Lilith

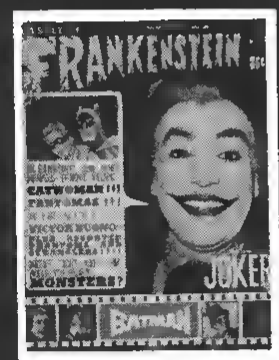
#3

—The first FORGOTTEN FRANKENSTEIN; conclusion of BORIS KARLOFF STORY; beginning of LON CHANEY JR. STORY; Larry Ivie on more super-heroes; picture-stories on WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?, DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS, THE RAVEN, CAPTAIN SINBAD and NIGHT CREATURES; Mary Shelley and the BIRTH OF FRANKENSTEIN; Charles Collins on Shirley Jackson and Ray Bradbury, Larry Byrd as FRANKENSTEIN, TWILIGHT ZONE TEEN-AGE MONSTER MAKERS



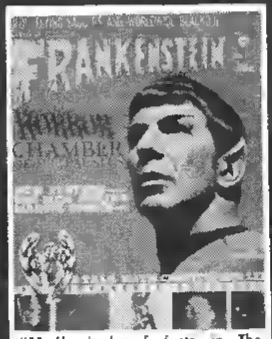
#4

SPECIAL VAMPIRE ISSUE picture stories on NOSFERATU, KISS OF THE VAMPIRE, BLACK SUNDAY and BLOOD OF THE VAMPIRE, Mike Parry on historical, literary and filmic vampires, Bram Stoker's autograph, foreign vampires in CONTINENTAL CREATURES; part 2 of LON CHANEY JR. STORY; OUR FEATHERED FIENDS—birds in horror films, LEGEND OF THE MUMMY, picture stories on FREAKS and THE HAUNTING; Charles Collins on Lovecraft, WONDERFUL WORLD OF GEORGE PAL, Al Hirschfeld caricature of DR. NO; FRANKENSTEIN RADIOGUIDE; first FRANKENSTEIN MOVIEGUIDE

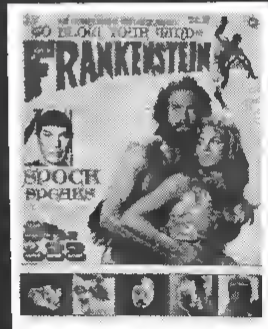


#9—Exclusive question-and-answer style interview with Boris Karloff; picture-review of ABC-TV's BATMAN, with the Joker in full-color; lengthy biography (and film checklist) of Laird Cregar by Robert C. Roman; complete Roman biography of contemporary villain Victor Buono; picture-reviews of JUDEX and FANTOMAS (both 1917 and 1964); cartoons; first CoFanaddicts column; coverage of Germany's horror film revival; TV Movieguide "E" and "F" listings, Barbara Steele; JACK THE RIPPER, BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN centerfold special, Mike Parry reports on The Fantastic European Screen Scene; BATMAN back cover.

#10—Barry Brown reveals The True Facts Behind Bela Lugosi's Tragic Drug Addiction; first part of lengthy interview with Christopher Lee; the story of "a real KING KONG; interview with Lon Cheney Jr.; reviews of BATMAN, THESE ARE THE DAMNED and CURSE OF THE FLY; picture story on THE ADVENTURES OF RAT PHINK AND BOO; Frankenstein TV Movieguide "G" and "H" listings; book reviews, biography of CoF book critic Lin Carter, Will Eisner's The Spirit, fanzine reviews by Mike McInerney, full color back cover by famed fantasy illustrator Hannes Bok



#11—Hundreds of facts in The Star Trek Story; Nimoy on Spock; Star Trek Forever, An Endorsement by Cal Beck; Saucers Do Exist say William Shatner, Roy Thinnes and Stuart Whitman; CoF Interviews Christopher Lee (part two); CoF Returns to Hammer Studios; Donald Phelps enters THE HORROR CHAMBER OF DR. FAUSTUS . . . and lives to tell about it; 1966 Necrology, listing deaths of fantasy film personalities; The Men Behind the Comics focuses on Marvel's mighty Jim Steranko, author-illustrator of Nick Fury; Cal Beck reviews THE BRIDES OF FU MANCHU; Frankenstein Movieguide lists films beginning with "I" and "J"; a look at Comicbook Fandom; Lin Carter sums up 1966: The Year in Horror-Fantasy Books; full details on Wally Wood's Witzend; full color back cover by Hannes Bok, suitable for framing, Frankenstein Meets Dracula



#12—World of Comic Books: The, by now, famous LEE issues, namely Stan of Marvel; and Chris of Hammer, etc (in the 3rd & final part of the interview). Frank Brunner's fab SMASH GORDON comic strip satire; the unusual CONJURER SFantasy comic strip thriller; a memorial and eulogy by CTR for FAREWELL BASIL RATHBONE; Nimoy tells it like it is in SPOCK SPEAKS; Macnee and Rigg in THE AVENGERS; the Movieguide "K" list, CTR on SFantafilms and PLANET OF THE APES (preview), with exclusive Evans APE makeup shots; first appearance of CoF's official The Comic Book Council, Dan Bates and Lin Carter look at Clarens' fab An Illustrated History of the Horror Film (and many other SFanteBooks); full-color back cover of Fox's FANTASTIC VOYAGE; letters, great photos & illos & the usual priceless lore.

DID YOU MISS ANY?

#5—Noted film historian William K. "Silents Please" Everson recalls his personal encounters with Lorre in **THE PETER LORRE STORY**—with checklist of all Lorre films; picture-story review of **EVIL OF FRANKENSTEIN**, leading Burroughs expert Dick Lupoff describes **MONSTERS OF EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS**—with illustrations by Frank Frazetta, Reed Crandall, Larry Ivie and Al Williamson; **OUTER LIMITS**; interview with Arthur Lubin, director of 1943 **PHANTOM OF THE OPERA**, first CoF **OLDIES BUT GOODIES**, fantastic films of **JEAN COCTEAU**; **OUT OF THIS WORLD WITH BORIS KARLOFF, ADDAMS FAMI** rare photo autographed by loff in 1914

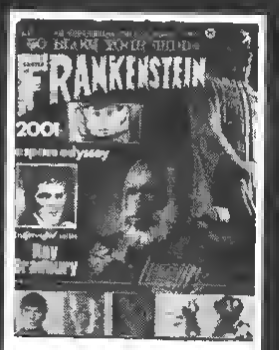
#6

—The second **FORGOTTEN FRANKENSTEIN, FANTASY FEST**—report on 2nd Trieste Science Fiction Film Festival, **HORROR ON THE AIR**—nostalgic memories and rare photos of **The Shadow, Inner Sanctum** and other great radio fantasies; part 3 of **LON CHANEY JR STORY**, questions and answers with Hitchcock at **A HITCHCOCKTAIL PARTY**; amateur **FRANKENSTEIN** film; Charles Collins on Robert E. Howard; **MUNSTERS**, four year's worth of **CHRIS LEE** films, **MASQUE OF RED DEATH, UNDERDOG**; part 1 of **FRANKENSTEIN TV MOVIEGUIDE** listing all horror on TV

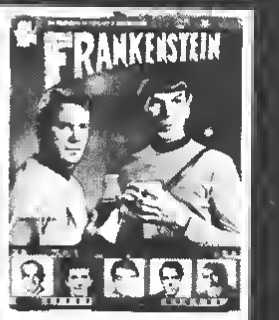
#7—Mike Parry pays a visit to the set of **DIE, MONSTER, DIE!**; interview with AIP director Daniel Haller, Joseph E. Levine's **$25,000 Monster**; Robert C. Roman tells all about the **MONSTERS AT THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**; reviews of **TOMB OF LIGEIA**; conclusion of **LON CHANEY JR. story**; checklist of Chaney Jr.'s films; different versions of **SHE**; Parry's **EUROPEAN HORROR SCREEN**; TV Movieguide "B" listings; **LEE & LUGOSI**; **THE AVENGERS**; **THE RICHARD BURTON MONSTER**

#8

Behind the Scenes with **FU MANCHU** and Christopher Lee; David McCallum—**The Man from MONSTER**, William K Everson recalls **The Last Days of Bela Lugosi**, Mike Parry interviews Hammer makeup artist Roy Ashton filming **RASPUTIN**; **On the Sets** at Hammer; Lin Carter sums up 1965 **The Year in Horror-Fantasy Books**, TV Movie-guide 'C' listings; **Fu Manchu for Mayor** poster; **BATMAN**—from 1943 serial to 1966 TV, **SON OF FRANKENSTEIN** centerfold special; two **Baron von JUNGLE** strips, **BATMAN** back cover



No.13—Special All-Star Issue: "2001: A Space Odyssey" analysis/review, Interview with RAY BRADBURY, "Planet of The APES Returns"(exclusive secret facts,etc. revealed for the first time), BASIL RATHBONE Interviewed For Last Time, Jonathan FRID profile, coverage & Data on ROSEMARY'S BABY, BARBARELLA,etc., "CARNAK" comix grafix in the inimeteble CoF manner, "TV Or Not TV?"(that is a question?), RAQUEL WELCH

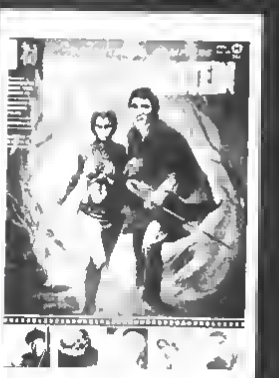


No. 14

No.14:- KARLOFF SPECIAL: "Tribute to Karloff," "My Life As A Monster" by Karloff, HORROR FILM HISTORY, part One, RAY BRADBURY Interview, pt.2, CARNAK by Brunner,pt.2(conclusion); STAR TREK Debate, THE ILLUSTRATED MAN; Books reviewed by LIN CARTER; FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE DESTROYED; photos from WIZARD OF OZ, GWANGI, etc.

No. 15

No.15:- HISTORY OF HORROR FILMS (Part 2); MARDONED reviewed; KARLOFF & HIS LEGACY; THE OBLONG BOX, with Vincent Price, reviewed; review of TASTE THE BLOOD OF DRACULA with Chris Lee; Mind Blowing Comix: LITTLE NEMO—— SMASH GORDON. MEN BEHIND THE COMICS: Frank Brunner; BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES: 2 different critiques; THE WITCH'S BREW: fact article on forgotten cures and medicine; HEADITORIAL; BOOK REVIEWS, ad infinitum



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Part I: ROBERT BLOCH Interview.—WHEN DINOSAURS RULED, Harryhausen's latest. — DORIAN GRAY past and present.— THE VAMPIRE LOVERS.— Part 3 & conclusion of HISTORY OF HORROR FILMS.— Rediscovered: Two "lost" classics. 1932's DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE, and MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM, by Wm.K. Everson. Horror comics: Berni Wrightson's A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.— CoF MOVIEGUIDE. more than 65 recent SFantasy films.— Plus: Letters, Headitorial, etc., etc., etc., etc.

No. 17

ROBERT BLOCH Interview (pt.2, conclusion)— RONDO HATTON: career article of an overlooked Horror Star. — The M SFantasy film listings (part 1).— FILMUSIC IN THE FANTASY FILM. —Review of an unusual "kitsch" but fine B shocker, THE MONSTER MAKER. — FRANKENSTEIN Capsule Reviews of more than 1[illegible] current films.— Plus: THX-1138 — CRY OF THE BANSHEE — THE CRIMSON CULT — Sente Berger — SFantasy Film News in depth— Comix Graphics. In short, another smashing issue.

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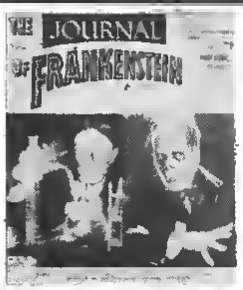

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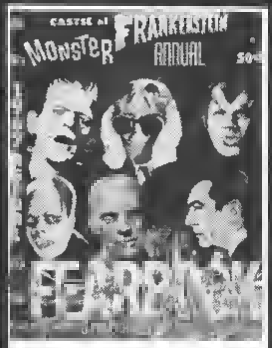

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